

THE SKETCH.

No. 67.—VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1894.

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MISS KATIE SEYMOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

May Day celebrations passed off quietly everywhere. In London, a number of Socialists marched from the Embankment to Hyde Park and held a demonstration.

A meeting, attended by 50,000 work-people, was held in the Prater, Vienna.—A "bomb," which turned out to be harmless, was found in the Guildhall Library this afternoon.—The Right Rev. J. T. Pelham, who resigned the bishopric of Norwich last year, died in his eighty-fourth year.—Mr. E. H. Carson has been made a Q.C.—The preamble of a statute for carrying out the resolution in favour of a School of English Language and Literature was carried at a congregation in Oxford.—Mr. H. J. C. Grierson was appointed Professor of English at Aberdeen University.—Mr. E. F. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, has been awarded the Prendergast Greek studentship for research into Greek by King's College, Cambridge.—Mary Jones, a curate's wife, was committed for trial at Solihull on a charge of maliciously wounding her husband.—The irrepressible Anti-Semite, Herr Ahlwardt, was sentenced by a Berlin court to three months' imprisonment for insulting the Prussian Civil Service in a speech delivered at Essen.—Monte Carlo's profit last year was £880,000, on a capital of £1,200,000.—Canada has declined to exhibit at Antwerp.—Coxey and his army marched up to the Capitol at Washington.

The new building of the Royal College of Music, erected at South Kensington by the liberality of Mr. Samson Fox, of Leeds, was opened by the Prince of Wales, who conveyed to the donor the Queen's thanks for his munificence.—Lord Rosebery, speaking in Manchester, said that the common-sense of the nation would speedily demand that the House of Commons should take steps to put an end to the waste of time in talk. He deprecated the formation of an Independent Labour party.—Mr. Balfour addressed the International Bimetallic Conference in the Mansion House. The difficulties attending the adoption of bimetalism, he said, were likely to be increased rather than diminished by delay in grappling with the subject.—Mr. Fletcher Moulton and Mr. Herbert Robertson were nominated as the Liberal and the Conservative candidates respectively for South Hackney.—The Women's Liberal Federation adopted a resolution for the repeal of the law by which a special power of arrest is exercised over women at Oxford and Cambridge. The remarks of some of the thirteen dissentients were hissed.—The first conversazione for the present season of the Royal Society was largely attended.—A rather severe earthquake shock was experienced at noon in several districts in South Wales.—The first match of the season at Lord's was played, resulting in the rare occurrence of a first-class match—M.C.C. v. Sussex—beginning and ending in one day.—An express train from Paris collided with a goods train loaded with petroleum between Dordrecht and Rotterdam last night, and a great number of carriages were burned.—The saw-mills in the Toulon Arsenal were damaged by fire to the extent of £200,000.—Damage to the extent of £20,000 was done by fire at an electric works in Montreal.—Coxey was arrested at Washington, but released on bail of 500 dollars.

Mr. Gladstone emerged from his retirement this afternoon, when he attended the meeting at Princes' Hall to promote the establishment of a memorial to perpetuate the name and work of Sir Andrew Clark. In a twenty minutes' speech, he moved a resolution declaring the desirability of such a memorial. He remained seated while speaking. It was resolved that the memorial should take the form of a new block of buildings at the London Hospital, to bear Sir Andrew Clark's name.—The Anarchist Farnara, or "Carnot," declared in court that he wanted to kill the capitalists. Polti, who split on him, pleaded not guilty.—Lord Rosebery inspected the Manchester Ship Canal, and was entertained at luncheon at the Reform Club.—Lord Salisbury, speaking at Trowbridge, said the working of the party system was running to seed.—Mr. John Burns was struck in the face by a cricket ball in Battersea Park.—Mr. Henry Irving laid the foundation-stone of a new theatre at the Oval, Brixton. He promised to perform on the opening night if the theatre could be got ready in time.—The extradition proceedings against M. Herz have been brought an end to by his executors and those of the late Baron Reinach agreeing to pay £60,000 to the Panama liquidators.—A dynamite outrage, which wrecked a presbytery attached to a Roman Catholic church, has occurred at the town of York, seventy-eight miles east of Perth, Western Australia.—The town of Cleveland, Ohio, has been placed under military protection, because of serious rioting.

The sentences passed on Farnara of twenty years' and on Polti of ten years' penal servitude should make the Anarchists scarce for some time.—An outrage, attributed to Anarchists, and resulting in the arrest of thirteen men, has occurred at Liège, where a bomb exploded last night on the doorstep of a Dr. Renson, who was very seriously injured, while his wife and another doctor were also wounded. The outrage is believed to have been directed against Dr. Renson's uncle, a judge who recently presided at the trial of a number of Anarchists.—The Princess of Wales held a Drawing Room.—The premises of Arnott and Company, drapers, Dublin, were entirely burned down early this morning. The company were insured for £108,500.—The Town Council of St. Andrews were empowered to take over the proprietorship of the links, which are illustrated elsewhere in this issue.—Snow fell in various parts of Scotland this morning.—The London cabdrivers threaten to strike, on account of the

charge made for the hire of cabs.—Nearly 50,000 workmen in the Vienna building trades are out on strike.—Much alarm was created in Athens by the prediction by the meteorologist, Herr Falb, that a great earthquake will occur to-morrow. Large numbers of people left the city.—A Belgrade Radical newspaper has been confiscated for a violent article on the recent royal decree restoring ex-King Milan to his former honours and dignities. The attempt to treat another Radical organ in a similar way was quashed by the Court of First Instance.—During a fight between a sheriff's deputies and a body of strikers at Scottdale, Pennsylvania, fifteen of the latter and a woman were shot.

A rumour is going the rounds that Sir William Harcourt is to resign when he gets the Budget through. Sir William's son has wired to Derby—"All such reports entirely unauthorised." But he does not contradict them.—The staid and sober *Spectator* published a sensational article in which it is said, *à propos* of the thirty-seventh anniversary next Thursday of the first day of the Indian Mutiny, that "within the next few days all the questions which now interest the country may be swallowed up by intelligence that we have, for the second time in the last half-century, India to reconquer."—The Lord Mayor opened the Earl's Court Industrial Exhibition.—The new armoured train allotted to the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers was successfully tried at Newhaven to-day. This is the first time heavy ordnance has been fired from the railway in Great Britain.—Twenty-one out of the twenty-six commissioners that have been studying the scheme recommend that the Zuyder Zee should be reclaimed by draining by means of a sea-wall. The 450,000 acres thus reclaimed are valued at over £27,000,000, and the total cost is estimated at £26,250,000.—Sixty-nine Anarchists are still in custody in Paris.—The Antwerp International Exhibition was opened by the King of the Belgians.

The fifth annual demonstration in favour of the Eight-Hours Day was held in Hyde Park, when speeches were delivered from twelve platforms, by, among others, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Cuninghame Graham, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Keir Hardie, and Sergius Stepniak.—The Earl of Shrewsbury met his cabdrivers in the early hours of this morning in the S. T. Yard, Battersea. The spokesman for the men was a white-haired old man known as "Daddy." The matter in dispute was amicably debated, and it was carried by a large majority that the custom now prevailing should not be altered.—A long-distance race between pedestrians, stilt-walkers, and horses in harness was finished at Bordeaux this morning. The first place was taken by a horseman, who covered 248 miles in sixty-four hours. A stilt-walker took only nineteen minutes longer.—The fêtes in honour of Joan of Arc were inaugurated at Orleans.

The polling for the election of a successor to Sir Charles Russell at South Hackney took place, the candidates being Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C. (Liberal), and Mr. Herbert Robertson (Conservative).—The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at a meeting in King's College in support of its further endowment.—Mr. Gladstone, writing to M. Léon Say on Free Trade, laments that England remains the only witness to what was once regarded as an established economic truth.—The Prince of Wales opened a soldiers' institute at Woolwich.—The Royal Academy was opened.

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MR. AUGUSTIN DALY. Commencing Monday, May 7, at 8 p.m.,
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in "La Dame aux Camélias," by Alexandre Dumas fils, supported by the entire Dramatic Company of Commendatore Cesare Rossi (under the management of Mr. Hugo Görlitz). SPECIAL NOTICE.—A verbatim translation of all plays performed during this season will be for sale at the Theatre, to assist the audience in following the dialogue. Doors open 7.30. Tickets at the Box-office and all Libraries. Prices: Boxes, from 4½ to 7 Guineas; Stalls, 15s.; Balcony, 12s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; First Circle, 7s. and 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 1s.

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Tickets for all principal places on the London and North-Western system, available from either Euston or Kensington (Addison Road), and dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at the "Spread Eagle" Office, Piccadilly Circus, and other principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, at Messrs. Gaze and Sons' Offices, 142, Strand, W.C., and 4, Northumberland Avenue, as well as at the Railway Stations.

On FRIDAY, May 11, a Special Train will leave Euston Station at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland.

On SATURDAY, May 12, a Special Express Train will leave Euston Station at 4.25 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden Junction and Coventry only. Special Express Trains will also leave Birmingham (New Street) on this date at 2.8 p.m. and 4.8 p.m. for Coventry, Rugby, and Northampton; the Ordinary Trains leaving Birmingham at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. will not convey passengers to these places. A Special Express will leave Willesden at 2.57 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Rugby, principal Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford.

On WHIT MONDAY, May 14, the 4.30 p.m. Train from Euston will not be run; Passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. Train, except those for Peterborough Line, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G. N. Line, who must on this date travel by the 8.15 p.m. Train from Euston. Numerous residential Trains will not be run.

For further particulars, see special notices issued by the Company.

Euston Station, May, 1894.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

SATURDAY, May 12, for Three or Six Days, to Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Stoke, Newark, Sheffield, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Hull, York, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Newcastle, &c., returning May 14 or 17.

Also to Edinburgh and Glasgow, for Four or Eight Days, from Victoria (L. C. and D.) 6.38 p.m., Ludgate Hill 7.10, Moorgate 7.36, Aldersgate 7.38, Farringdon 7.40, King's Cross (G. N.) 8, Finsbury Park 8.5, returning May 15 or 19. Third Class Return Fare, 25s. 8d.

THURSDAY, MIDNIGHT, May 17, for two days to MANCHESTER (for Races). Third Class Return Fare, 10s.

For further particulars, see bills, to be obtained at Company's Stations and Receiving Offices; also of Swan and Leach, 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus; William Whiteley, 151, Queen's Road, W.; Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, S.W.; Hernu, Peron, and Co., 98 and 100, Queen Victoria Street; Alfred Jakins', 99, Leadenhall Street (Leadenhall House), E.C.; "Red Cap," 6, Camden Road, N.W.; and "Empire," 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill; and at Robertson's "Castle" Office, 191, Fulham Road, S.W.

King's Cross, May, 1894.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.—SPECIAL WHITSUNTIDE CHEAP TRIP.—Cheap Third Class Return Tickets will be issued to ST. MALO on Friday, May 11, to HAVRE on Friday, May 11, and Saturday, May 12, to GUERNSEY and JERSEY on Saturday, May 12, from Waterloo, Kensington (Addison Road), &c., by any ordinary Train, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within fourteen days of the date of issue. Return Fare, Third Class by rail and Fore Cabin by steamer, 25s.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will run from Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations.—

On SATURDAY, May 12.—Eight-Days Excursions as follows.—

At 8 a.m. to PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, LAUNCESTON, CAMEL-FORD (for North Cornwall Coach), Bude, Barnstaple, LYTTON, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford (for Clovelly), Yeovil, Exmouth, &c.

At 8.20 a.m. to ANDOVER, SALISBURY, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive.

At 9 a.m. to Marlborough, Swindon, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Burnham, Bridgwater, &c.

At 10.10 a.m. to Winchester, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, and Bournemouth.

At 11.45 a.m. to Bath, Radstock, Shepton Mallet, &c.

At 12.5 noon to WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, NEW FOREST, Lymington (for Yarmouth), Corfe Castle, Swanage, &c.

FOUR-DAYS EXCURSIONS as follows: At 1 p.m. to Portsmouth and Stations in the Isle of Wight. At 1.15 p.m. to Winchester, Southampton, Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Newport, Cowes, Lymington, (for Yarmouth), &c. At 1.25 p.m. to Midhurst, Petersfield, and Rowland's Castle.

For additional accommodation to the Isle of Wight, EXCURSIONS on WHIT SUNDAY and MONDAY to Southampton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, &c., see handbills and excursion programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

THE CHESTNUT TREES IN BUSHEY PARK ARE NOW IN FULL BLOOM. CHEAP TICKETS are issued every week-day to Hampton Court and Teddington by certain Trains. Return Fare from London, 1s. 6d. Third Class.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—WHITSUNTIDE

HOLIDAYS.—CHEAP THIRD CLASS EXCURSION TICKETS are issued DAILY by certain Trains from PADDINGTON, Westbourne Park, Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, Latimer Road, Notting Hill, and also from certain Stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways, to the undermentioned Stations at fares shown—available to return on day of issue only.

	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.
Staines	2 0	Cookham	3 6	Tilehurst	6 0
Windsor	2 6	Bourne End	3 6	Pangbourne	6 0
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Maidenhead	3 0	Shiplake	3 6	Cholsey and Moulsoford	6 6
*Burnham Beeches	3 6	Henley	3 6	+Wallingford	7 0

* Commencing May 12.

† Not on Sundays.

SIMILAR TICKETS are issued on Week-days to these Stations (except to Tilehurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey and Moulsoford, and Wallingford) from certain Stations on the NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

On SATURDAY, May 12, the issue of the Cheap Tickets to Windsor will not commence until 1 p.m.

For full particulars, see bills and pamphlets.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

Readers of Mr. Andrew Lang know that he deals somewhere with the question whether fishes suffer pain when they are caught by anglers, and inclines to the opinion that they do not. But any humanitarian who may have thought ill of Mr. Lang on this account must be gratified to learn that when that disciple of Izaak Walton engages in the gentle sport he lets the captured fish go free. It is the story of my Uncle Toby and the fly over again. "Go, poor fish," says Mr. Lang, as he unhooks the flopping prisoner; "there's room enough in the world for thee and me!" When brother-anglers remonstrate with this indifference to a good "catch," Mr. Lang serenely observes, "Oh! what does it matter?" There is a fine moral here, so different from the cynicism of the Walrus and the Carpenter in a certain sardonic episode. Do the fish know Mr. Lang's "flies" by instinct, and take care to swallow them rather than another's? This would make an interesting study in pisciculture.

THE EXPERIENCE OF KAIROS.*

It happened once that the Fates had a grudge against a certain fair woman. The woman herself had done no evil; but those of her lineage had sinned in high places, and their sins had gone unchastised, for which reason Atropos, beholding the happiness and prosperity of the woman, said to her sisters, "Look you, we will visit the sins of this woman's forefathers upon her, for the avenging of the past."

So Atropos chose one Kairos to be her emissary. Now, Kairos was young and full of zeal, and he brought much woe upon the woman; but the woman was strong, since, despite their lawlessness, her forefathers had been men of valour and bold fighters, and one of them a maker of songs. Wherefore, the woman made songs concerning each fresh burden Kairos caused her to bear, and Kairos, being enraged, said, "It is not enough." And he multiplied the griefs of the woman a hundredfold, and robbed her of every friend and possession, so that she was fain to give menial service in return for her daily bread. But the woman, although enfeebled and her fairness dimmed, continued her singing. On her knees, at her labours, she sang, and remembered not her humiliation, in thinking of those good things that were still hers, and which now in the days of her poverty she had more time to consider than when surrounded by the splendours of her former state. For she made new, sweet music, that breathed of the songs of the birds at dawn and in the evening, and the living motion of wind-tossed trees, and the sunset, and the coming of night and of the stars.

Then Kairos, driven to fury by the stubbornness of the woman's spirit, cried, "I will destroy this woman, and then of a truth shall her singing cease and the Fates be avenged!" And straightway Kairos smote her with a sore disease. And the woman died.

Then Kairos came with joy to look upon the face of her he had slain. But when he turned back the sheet from off the face of the dead, behold—the woman smiled. And her smile was beautiful, as of one that has gotten a mighty and noble victory, and is content to take her rest. And it was not in the power of Kairos to change the woman's countenance.

Sick at heart, therefore—since he feared greatly the rebuke of Atropos, that dread arbitress, whom none can avoid—Kairos delayed not, but went forth out of the darkened room where the woman slept into the sunshine, and stood looking afar, over the Field of the Sojourn of Life. And anon Kairos discerned a young maid and a man, moving slowly on a green and pleasant path at the uttermost verge of the field. And he who beheld them read in their eyes the tale of their love. So Kairos put jealousy and distrust in the heart of the maid, and pride and hardness in the heart of the man. And because of the quarrel that arose betwixt them the man and the maid parted. And Kairos caused the twain that should have become one to live on, but for ever divided. And the maid worked all her days in heaviness, until youth and hope were gone from her, and she longed for death as for the greeting of a friend. But death came not. And the man worked no more, but laughed to scorn the counsels of the gods, and did harm in his generation. And he loved not life, but life stayed with him.

And as the years waxed, Kairos saw to it that no adventure, whether of great joy or of exceeding sorrow, should befall either of these twain whom he had sundered. Thus did Kairos make amends for his former error, and turn away the wrath of Atropos. ELSIE HIGGINBOTHAM.

"THE WILD DUCK," AT THE ROYALTY.

The production of "The Wild Duck" has been simply a matter of time, since it was certain that one of the most curious and interesting of Ibsen's plays could not long be left unacted. Naturally, it fell to the Independent Theatre Society to undertake the very difficult and ungrateful task. The difficulties are very great, for in no play of the author's is there such constant employment of small strokes of character that, wrongly handled, must seem ludicrous. The company's work is very puzzling, because, although the play is really a hideous jest and entirely comic, yet in some aspects, superficially, it is a fearful tragedy.

It is a terrible thing to sit a whole evening watching a play in which an author is mocking fiercely—almost madly, one may say—at theories and opinions that seem the foundation of his own system of ethics—if Ibsen has a positive system of ethics. It seems as if one were assisting at a suicide; yet the play, although at times a little too long-drawn, is fascinating, even when acted without the advantage of a satisfactory Hjalmar. Had an actor of earnestness and subtlety—say Mr. Herbert Waring—taken the part of the egotist who has been compared with Micawber, Skimpole, and the Delobelle of Daudet's "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," the occasional tittering in wrong places would not have been heard.

In the little space at my disposal I can offer no opinions about such a complex, curious play, a work that is, perhaps, the most direful "tragedy-comedy" ever put on the stage, since all the catastrophes are psychological, not material; for the death of Hedvig is no tragedy at all. Truly, the mother's heart will bleed for her during some months, till "looking after the house and all the daily business" dulls her grief, and we know that, like Charlotte in the mock ballad, Hjalmar, after a few weeks, "went on cutting bread-and-butter." Poor little Hedvig

really was loved by the gods, for to die young in her case was to escape a life inevitably cruel. We were so fortunate as to have a delightful Hedvig in Miss Winifred Fraser. Rarely does one see such an entirely natural performance by a young actress, one so full of unaffected charm and yet power, for Miss Fraser was able to hold the house during some moments when she stood still, thinking silently. Another new actress, one may say, has been discovered by the society. Mrs. Herbert Waring had charmed me before by a brilliant performance in "The County"; her Gina was simple, powerful, and absolutely artistic in its quiet restraint.

Mr. Charles Fulton was a very good Gregers, though a little wanting in suggestion of the dreamy side of the character. I wonder that Mr. George Alexander has resisted the temptation to play the part; he and Mr. Waring could fill the St. James's for many an afternoon, and the company might almost be taken over *en masse*, since the Ekdal of Mr. Harding Cox is very clever; the Relling of Mr. Lawrence Irving is ingenious, and could be made into a fine performance, and some of the minor parts were played earnestly, unobtrusively, and effectively. For my part, I am grateful to the society for one of the most interesting evenings I have ever spent at the theatre. S.

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* Kairos = due measure; right proportion.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE MASQUERADERS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

There was once a dreamy astronomer named David Remon, who, after some years of flesh-and-blood life, took to intense study of sun spots. When he was forty-two years old, he, unluckily, began star-gazing in the blue eyes of Dulcie Larondie, barmaid at the Stag Hotel, Crandover. He was not her only admirer; indeed, all the young bloods of the district came after her, chief among them Sir Brice Skene. He, too, was a star-gazer—Martell, however, was the end of his astronomical research—and a surly, cruel, lustful, gambling, sporting blackguard as well. Unlucky was it for Dulcie that David courted her timidly, for it was his conduct and his threats that drove Sir Brice, who began with strictly dishonourable intentions that she resisted, to offer his hand, title, and swiftly-melting estates to the barmaid.

A strange man he was, and not jealous in honour, for he allowed a kiss from her to be put up for auction in the courtyard of the inn ere

draw on his bankers to any extent that she might require; then he went to the Midi of France.

Dulcie drew £6000, and then, seeing that it was grossly squandered, refused to draw more. Her refusal occurred when she and Sir Brice were at Nice, near Remon's observatory. In order to coerce her, the ruffian threatened to deprive her of the baby; then, learning that Remon was coming to see her, told her brutally to get money from him, and suggested that she might get it on any terms that pleased her. Remon had come to bid her farewell; he was starting next day for a deadly part of Africa as head of an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. She bade him stay, and to compel him confessed that she loved him. They were embracing when Sir Brice came in, but he ignored it.

He asked Remon to have a game of cards, and, after pressure, he consented, and proposed startling terms: he would stake his fortune, £200,000, against the Baronet's wife and child. The proposal gave Sir Brice pause at first, yet he soon acceded to what seemed to him a "Heads I win, tails you lose" gamble. Short and sharp the astronomer wished the game to be, since, instead of making the safe offer of half his fortune without risk, he was putting all his means of aiding her at



Sir Brice Skene (Mr. Herbert Waring).

David Remon (Mr. Alexander).

Lady Skene (Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

"My God, I've lost!"

"THE MASQUERADERS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

he made his proposal. Perhaps he permitted the auction because it gave him the chance of humiliating David by outcapping his bid of two thousand guineas. Dulcie accepted him; she wanted to see life, to taste the joys of the dull, mad whirl of London pleasures, and was content to wed anyone who offered them and his name into the bargain. Yet, the very night of her engagement she gave David the kiss for which he had bid the two thousand guineas.

One of Sir Brice's friends had observed that her married life would be far from happy. He was right. The Baronet grew worse and worse. Cards, horses, and drink filled up his time, emptied his pockets, and his wife and babe were neglected; moreover, his property melted away like a snowball in the sun. Meanwhile, David played the part of illegitimate good fairy to Dulcie, and spent three years and a half watching over her, occupying his leisure in making himself famous by astronomical discoveries. Unfortunately, the ill-mannered aristocratic society which, by her marriage, Dulcie entered looked with loud-voiced distrust upon the really innocent attentions of the astronomer. He heard of the rumour, and came to tell Lady Brice that for the sake of her reputation he must leave England. Before Remon spoke, the Baronet, who had reached utter ruin, bade her to get money from David, who had inherited a large fortune. Remon overheard him, so said that he was going away for years, and would make arrangements for Dulcie to

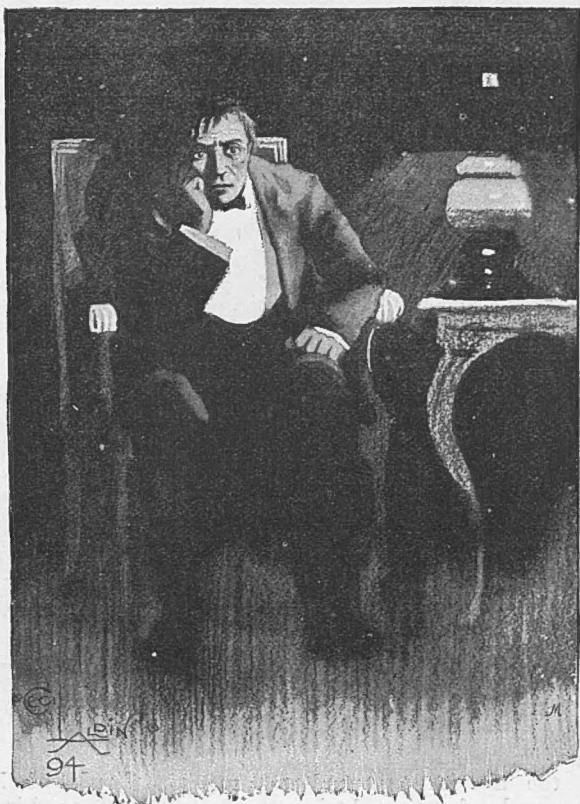
a hazard. They were to cut cards, highest to win—ace to count lowest—two out of three. First round to the Baronet! The wife entered—"You and your child are at stake!" shouted the exultant brute. She looked on, dumb with terror. Second to Remon, then third and victory! "Swear to keep true to the bargain!" shouted Remon, catching him by the throat, and he took an oath—"a dicer's oath."

Full of mad joy, Remon carried off his prize to the observatory, whither followed her child in charge of her sister Helen, a hospital nurse. What were Dulcie's feelings? Intense joy at her deliverance, yet horror at the means. "Take me, if you will," she said, "but kill me afterwards." Vainly the foiled astronomer struggled against this passive resistance. No doubt, time would have made him triumph, for the probable cause of her attitude was her state of stupefaction at the tremendous event that had just happened.

His brother arrived, and told him they must start for Africa; the expedition could not wait; he was pledged to go; it would be ruined without him. Sister Helen supported this view, and also implored him to reverence Dulcie. After a hard struggle in his heart, he consented, took a tender farewell of the woman so strangely won and strangely lost, and started for "the white man's grave," hoping and fearing he would never come back, full of proud excitement at his sacrifice, and, perhaps, cherishing the thought that time would be on his side.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

When a play has had such splendid praise and also sharp criticism as "A Bunch of Violets," of which some illustrations appear on this page, it is not unnatural to pay a second visit for the confirmation or



MR. TREE AS SIR PHILIP MARCHANT.

"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

upheaval of one's first-night opinion. Now, whether the second visit makes one feel more or less strongly than before that the play is radically unsound, is based on wilful inaccuracies in law, finance, and psychology, it certainly leaves one deeply under the impression that it is very clever, vastly effective, and splendidly played. Mr. Tree's Sir Philip is so strong and characteristic that it should draw all lovers of fine acting to the theatre.

Mrs. Tree shares the honours with him, for her Mrs. Murgatroyd is, perhaps, the cleverest thing she has done, even if not the most pleasing. Miss Hanbury takes her part a little faster, and now gives an admirable performance as Lady Marchant.



"I want a proof." (Act II.)

"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

Doubtless, "King Kodak" once had a plot and something like an intelligible story. Mr. Arthur Branscombe must have worked out the details and general scheme, and provided what seemed to him adequate explanations of the conduct of his characters. Unfortunately, almost all has been eliminated in the process of putting the work on the stage. A very curious story might be written about the embryonic history of



JACOB SCHWARTZ (MR. G. W. ANSON) AND THE DEPUTATION OF THE SONS OF THE SOIL.

"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

a musical farce. There were little bits left in here and there; one even learnt that A and B, though really in love with one another, were flirting with C and D as a blind, and the death of an aunt formed a *dénouement* to one part of the intrigue. "What does it matter?" some people will say—not in the least to me, but the public seems to expect something of a tale, and it had too little, or, perhaps, too much, for none at all would have been better.

However, there seems plenty of entertaining stuff in "King Kodak," and when the dialogue has been cut—for it descends to depths that I thought were sacred save at Christmas time—all may yet go well. Of course, it is pitiful that Mr. Edward Terry should sink back to burlesque. After seeing him in "Sweet Lavender," "The Rocket," "In Chancery," and "The Times," playing with great ability, one is discontent to have him seeking laughter by buffoonery in ridiculous dresses. Yet he does it wonderfully. Setting aside Mr. Arthur Roberts, I think there is no one so funny in London as a burlesque actor, and when, *à la* Roberts, he has gradually drawn half the piece into his clutches, it will be very amusing: the time is not far distant, I fancy. Miss Kate Vaughan will also improve every night. It was easy to see that nervousness, the smallness of the stage, and, above all, want of practice, hampered her cruelly. Nevertheless, in her grace of movement was a great deal of the charm that made her popular and famous at the Gaiety. Whether she can make up for years of disuse and regain her position as queen of skirt dancers, it is hard to say.

The burden of the singing is on Miss Violet Robinson, who has a very pretty voice as well as face, and seems likely to reach high rank in her line if she will abstain from forcing

the voice. The two gentlemen who sing have excellent means, but not a pleasing method. Perhaps, one ought to speak of the music of the seven composers. To me a musical hodge-podge is not altogether agreeable in effect, and it seems somewhat undignified to take part in one. Certainly, Messrs. John Crook and Lionel Monckton were the most important, both as regards quality and quantity, and their work was very gay and neatly written. One of the most attractive items in the piece is the dancing of Miss Lizzie Ruggles, who, though in workmanship she reaches no high level, has a great deal of natural grace and charm, and foots it very daintily; I am bound to add that Miss Mabel Love received almost as warm applause.

On the whole, there is so much good stuff in the work that, now that it has been "worked up," it ought to prove a very pleasant entertainment.

The *matinées* of the week were rather painful. On one afternoon an inexperienced lady, with a handsome person, good voice, no little intelligence, and a strong Italian accent, attacked a very heavy, difficult character, and on another an inexperienced lady, pretty and decidedly clever, with a Transatlantic accent, attempted to play a part which requires genius and thorough training. The result in both cases was exactly what might have been expected; in each there was not the measure of success to justify the attempt, nor of failure wholly to



MISS LILY HANBURY AS LADY MARCHANT.
"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

condemn it. The third *matinée* gave us a play, not bad of its kind, but not of "good-enough class," as the sporting writers say. In one or other of the three, Messrs. Frank Worthing, Sydney Valentine, and J. G. Taylor did very good work.

Who will say that theatrical managers are not magnanimous? Mr. Henry Irving has laid the foundation-stone of a new theatre in Brixton. He was asked to perform the same ceremony in Camberwell, but he seems to have thought that one ordeal of the kind was sufficient. Now, you are to consider, as Dr. Johnson would say, that at present Brixton finds its theatrical amusement chiefly in the Strand, but when the Brixtonians have a theatre, so to speak, at their own doors they may not flock over Waterloo Bridge so often or in such numbers. Yet the lessee of the Thespian temple in Wellington Street does not mind playing godfather to a rival in Brixton. And they say the age of chivalry is dead!

"Jean Mayeux," the successful Parisian mimo-drama in three acts, by Blanchard de la Bretesche, music by Charles Thony, will be produced, for the first time in England, with the original company, at the Princess's Theatre, on Saturday. The story, told in action, is something like the "Two Orphans," and has attracted overflowing audiences to the principal theatres in Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other cities.—MONOCLE.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Huberman will soon fill the world with his fame. *Another Musical Prodigy.* I have never known in any child so early an artistic development." Thus wrote Herr Joachim when he sent the little violinist to the musical world of Vienna in 1892.

Austria endorsed the opinion of Northern Germany, and when it was seen that the programme of *bizarre* Zingari melodies was to be strengthened by such works as Bruch's Concerto in G flat, a concerto of Spohr, and one of the Chopin-Sarasate nocturnes the Viennese flocked to the concert hall in numbers almost as great as when they went to hear the great Spanish violinist who arranged those nocturnes some little time before. His success both in Berlin and Vienna being so great, it was proposed that he should come to London; but renown in German capitals does not always mean money, and the parents of little Huberman were so poor that they dared not undertake the risk of bringing him over. On the Continent he has accordingly remained till now, when he has reached the age of ten, and the generous hands of Mr. Felix Moscheles and of others having been held out to him, he has crossed the North Sea, and Londoners will have the pleasure of hearing him more than once during the present season. Bronislaw Huberman is a Polish Jew by birth, but in appearance he is essentially Slav, with great, dark, sombre eyes, thoughtful brow, and a look of unchildlike earnestness and power about his mouth and chin. His parents belong to the artisan class, and their circumstances were such that the instrument they purchased for their gifted little son, at the time the most cultured audiences in Germany were assembled to hear him, was one which had been secured for a couple of guineas. Joachim has had him in hand lately, but Isidore Lotto, of Warsaw, was the first instructor of the little boy, and he did well by him, directing rather than leading him in his studies, and taking care that his rare originality should not be blotted out by conventional tuition. Bronislaw's technique must be pronounced wonderful, even without considering his tender age, but his powers of expression are yet more marvellous.



Photo by Mieczkowski, Warsaw.

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN.

Further changes have been announced in connection with the Handel Festival, which will be absorbing our attention in June. In place of Miss Emma Juch, Miss Ella Russell is to appear—a decided acquisition to the fine list of vocalists. Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, who for more than a dozen years has done good service as organist at the Crystal Palace, has resigned, and Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock reigns in his stead.—A child pianist, who has enough merit to make it advisable for her to study more and appear in public less, has just given a successful recital at Steinway Hall. Her name is Katie Leonard.—The Wagnerian concerts at Queen's Hall have attracted very large and discriminative audiences. People have been getting seasoned for the Bayreuth Festival, which is, I hear, likely to be as numerously attended as ever.—An awkward misprint in a local paper to hand describes a certain popular vocalist as a "terror," instead of a tenor!—Mr. Frederick Dawson is gradually winning the great appreciation he deserves as a pianist with fine powers of execution.—Madame Albani was the star of the *soirée* given last week by the Catholic Social Union.—A certain musical critic, whose articles have been a continual cause of enthusiasm, discussion, and contradiction, is about to challenge public opinion still further by reprinting them in book form.—One of the best violinists in London society is Miss Burgess, daughter of the Royal Academician.—The "Steinway Saturdays" have, to the delight of many, commenced. This fact, it may be well to explain to the uninitiated, means that Mr. Clifford Harrison's recitals take place at Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, on successive Saturday afternoons. There is a subtle charm about the combination of elocution and music, especially when the reciter is his own accompanist, as is the case with talented Mr. Clifford Harrison. The attraction of these pleasant entertainments is also intellectual, for many of the pieces which figure on Mr. Harrison's admirable programmes have been placed there as a result of his keen outlook on the world of literature, and their recital sends you back with zest to re-read the books from which he has selected them. No one who can appreciate the fit setting of rare gems should miss these recitals.

LUTE.

SNAP-SHOTS AT ALDEBURGH-ON-SEA.

From Photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Son, Aldeburgh.

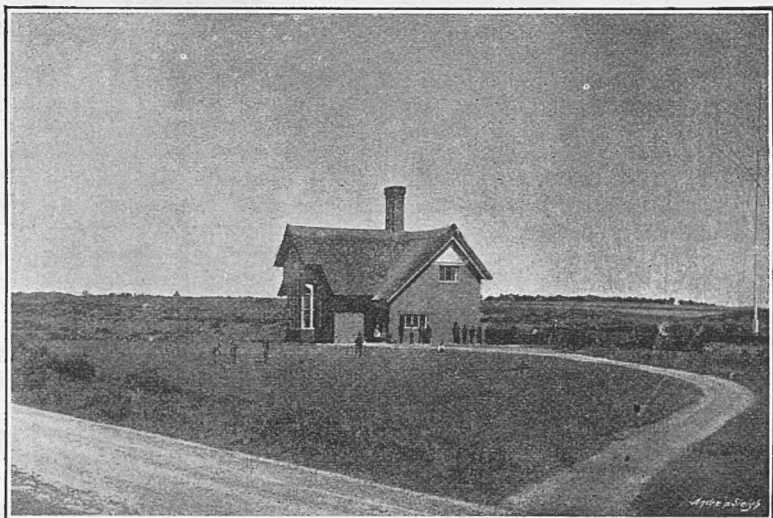
THE BEACH.

Aldeburgh-on-Sea is a quaint old Anglo-Saxon town situated on the Suffolk coast, whose charter of incorporation dates back from Charles I. It formed one of the ninety-four unreformed boroughs which Sir Charles



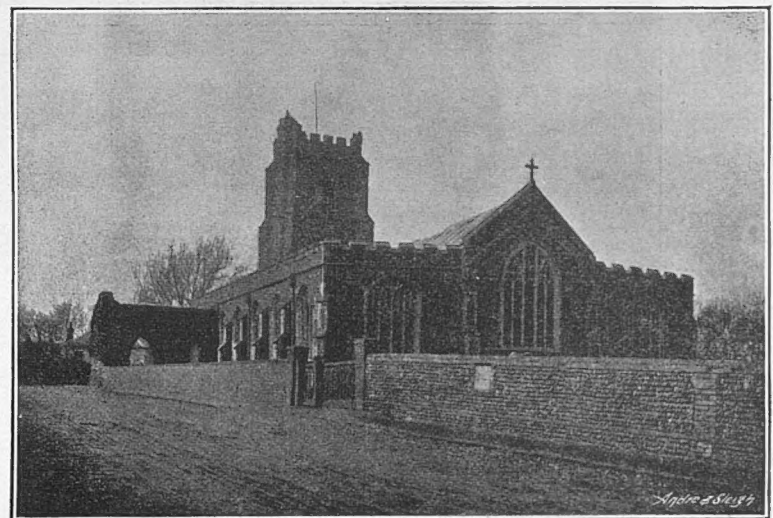
WENTWORTH TERRACE AND THE WHITE LION.

importance—it returned two members to Parliament—but the ravages of the sea destroyed whole streets. Its river runs parallel to the beach for twelve miles before it enters the sea. At one point it is



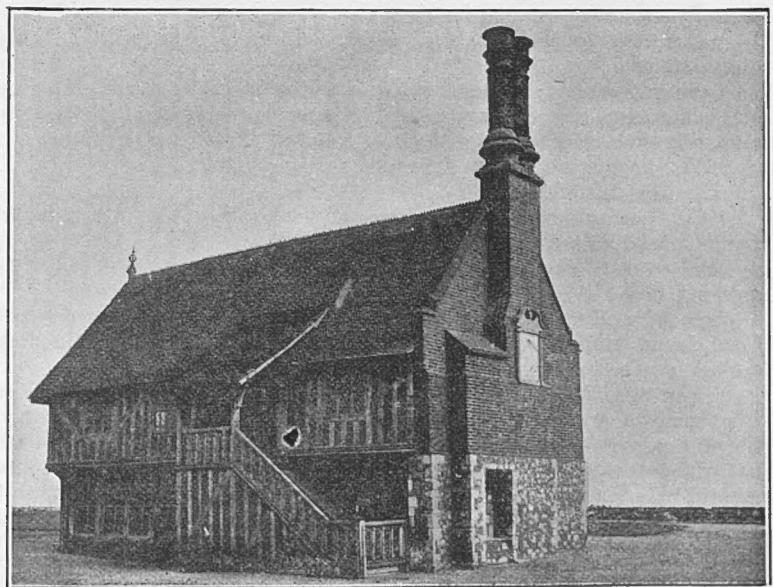
THE GOLF HOUSE.

Dilke brought to the notice of the Government some nine years ago, with the result that it received a fresh charter of incorporation, and it now boasts a mayor, aldermen, and councillors, who meet in the quaint old Town Hall by the side of the sea. Centuries ago it was a place of much

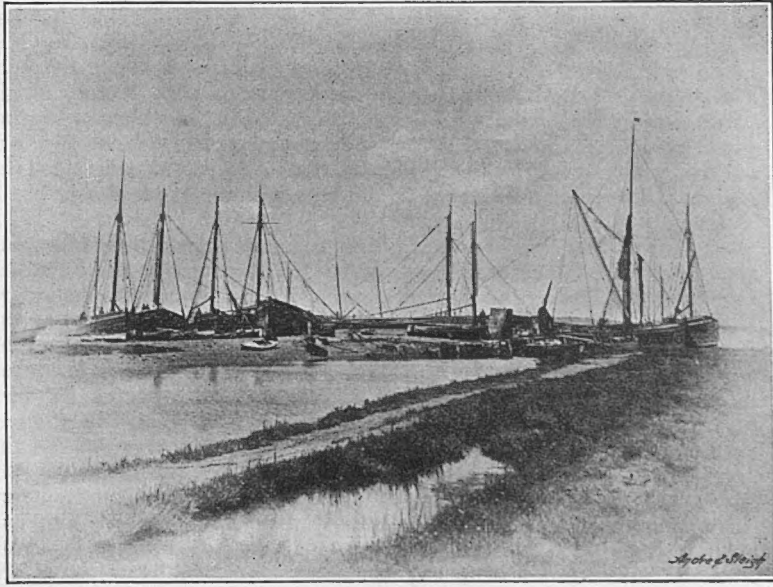


THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

only a few yards from the sea, and upon exceptional tides the two waters shake hands. Crabbe, the poet, was born at this place, and the subjects of Wilkie Collins's "No Name" are to be found there; while Mr. Grant Allen depicts the borough in one of his novels.



MOOT HALL.



STAUGHDEN QUAY.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Every year we are told that certain owners will no longer run horses at Ascot, yet the average number of entries is annually received for the Royal Meeting. I am glad to be able to announce that Major Clements has the race track in capital order at present, and, as the herbage is stout, the going should be good on June 19 and following days. Several of our smartest two-year-olds will be seen out at the meeting for the first time, and trainers like Jewitt, Hayhoe, and John Porter should capture some good prizes.

The person who loses his own money in connection with the Turf is not usually considered the right one to advise others as to their investments, but the subject of my sketch to-day is an extraordinary individual in more senses than one, and is now consulted by the very highest in the land as to the purchase of bloodstock and the treatment of valuable matrons. Mr. W. Allison is a son of the late Mr. John Pick Allison, well known in the districts of Yorkshire which environ the pretty town

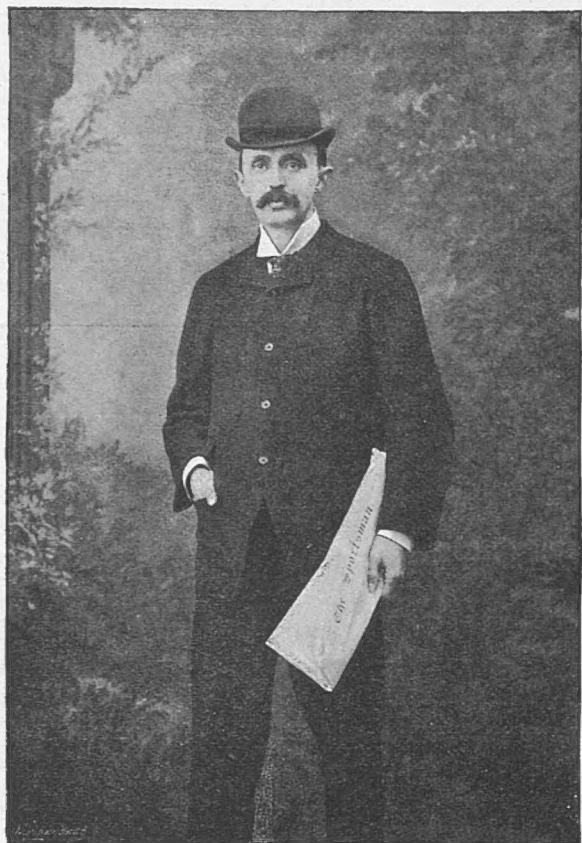


Photo by C. Hailey, St. John's Wood.

MR. W. ALLISON.

of Thirsk, where our subject was born. This being within easy reach of the great training grounds of Hambleton, Middleham, and Malton, young Allison was constantly brought into connection with owners and trainers of thoroughbreds, and had developed an unquenchable love of the horse before being sent to Rugby, and subsequently to Balliol College, Oxford. At the former seat of learning his good conduct and assiduous study earned encomiums from the present Bishop of London and Dr. Jex-Blake, then head-master, while at Oxford the late Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, bore testimony to his capacity. Scarcely had he left college than his desire for association with thoroughbreds found vent in the famous Stud Company at Cobham, of which he became the principal shareholder, and eventually managing director, and I have it on the authority of Matthew Dawson that the system originated by Mr. Allison effected a saving of £2500 a year in provender alone.

As is well known, the Cobham Stud Company existed before its time, and though enormous sums were given for thoroughbreds offered for sale there (including the famous Maximilian), it went into voluntary liquidation, and Mr. Allison, having been called to the Bar, went on the North-Eastern Circuit. Not long after, he drifted into journalism by accident, and started the *St. Stephen's Review*, which he ran for seven or eight years, but eventually left that paper, and accepted the post of "Special Commissioner" to the *Sportsman*, where he has attained such unbounded success that Mr. Allison is to-day regarded as the greatest authority upon the science of breeding thoroughbreds we have. He has owned several useful racehorses, such as Memorandum, The Gowan, and Miss Costa (whom R. Peck trained), and has also had much experience in America, owing to which circumstances Mr. James Keene commissioned him to buy twelve first-class brood mares at the Newmarket December Sales of 1892, and this was accomplished at a cost of thirteen thousand guineas. At about that time he had become lessee of the Cobham Stud, and of the twelve mares eleven produced foals, all of which were despatched to and reached the States in good health. He proposes to revive the fashionable Cobham Sales, and these will be renewed upon the Saturday after Ascot.

A GUTTER IDOL.

Certainly, it wasn't exactly a pleasant sort of return for all he had done for her, but you can hardly count on things happening so charmingly as they do in books when a West-End swell, an officer in a crack regiment with an "Honourable" before his name, takes a girl out of the gutter, dresses her in fine clothes, and sets her up in a gilded mansion as an idol to be worshipped.

But, then, Cecil Glyn Hamleys always was an odd sort of fellow, and when he did it people didn't express so much surprise as they would have done had it been anyone else.

She wasn't even pretty—how could she be, amidst such ugly surroundings?—and as for any special charm of manner, well, it would have been astonishing if she possessed such. There are not many very fascinating women around Craythorp's Rents, where she had always lived.

No doubt, she was a well-made little girl, had rather fine eyes and a good set of teeth; but, then, just remember what Cecil could have got at the price without journeying to the East End for it.

Anyway, he seemed to see something in her, and, hang me! if he didn't have her taught to read and write properly, and generally polished up, so as to pass muster, and when she had learned how to wear a pair of gloves and walk something like a lady he took her with him wherever he went—down to the races, out on his yacht, and even strolled with her in Bond Street in the season.

Many of his friends cut him for it; his lady acquaintances stared him in the face as they passed, but Cecil didn't mind. And some of his more particular chums, who really did care about him, putting their heads together, found consolation in believing that, as his Colonel declared, there would soon be a split, as the thing couldn't last.

"May it be so!" we responded.

The Colonel was right. There was a split with a vengeance. Directly Cecil had taught her how to run, she started making the pace for herself.

When she was with him she egged him on to spend money; when he was away she squandered it for him.

At last he spoke to her about it. She fired up in reply, and I've heard there was as choice an interchange of Mayfair compliments and Shadwell invectives as you'd hear anywhere outside Billingsgate.

Anyway, Cecil, perhaps a bit disgusted at this revelation of the baseness of the metal of which his idol was composed, carted himself off to the Continent for a week to calm himself, leaving his gutter enchantress mistress of the situation.

And finely she availed herself of her opportunities. He had taught her to write, and directly he had gone she skilfully forged his signature on half-a-dozen cheques she had stolen from his book, and got the servants to cash them as remittances from their absent master.

When Cecil returned there wasn't a halfpenny left in the bank, and when the truth came out she boldly admitted what she had done, and dared him to send her to prison.

Well, he didn't do that, but he turned her out on the spot, threatening to march her off to the police-station if she ever came near him again.

Did she come back?

Not for a whole long year. Street girl as she was, she must have been a plucky little brute, for she went back to Craythorp's Rents and started the old life again.

But not quite as before. No; her neighbours saw to that, and a warm time she had of it. "The Honourable Sarah," they used to call her, and, loudly expressing their horror at her conduct, but secretly envious in their hearts, they hunted her away, and everywhere she went spread the damning tale of her sin.

It was twelve months almost to a day when, one winter's night, Cecil having almost forgotten all about her—thankful that he had escaped so easily—a knock came at his door.

"A woman to see you, Sir," announced the footman, with a badly disguised grin.

Cecil gave a gasp: he understood. Downstairs he went, and, standing on his doorstep, saw the woman he had once worshipped, clad almost in rags, shivering in the cold, with death stamped on her haggard face.

"You have come back? You know the penalty?"

The woman smiled.

"Cis," she said softly, in the tones of yore, "have me in a minute. I won't make no bother. I'll go again."

And even as she spoke she clutched the doorpost to steady her swaying body.

Somehow, though he never consented, a minute or two afterwards Cecil found himself kneeling beside her in front of the fire, holding a glass of wine to her lips.

"You needn't be afraid, Cis," said she; "you needn't be afraid as I've come to arst yer to take me back. I'm agoin' for good shortly, the dispensary doctor told me. But it's been a rough time since we parted, and when I heard as I was agoin' to die certain, I says to myself, 'He's a toff still. I ain't 'ad all his money, and it won't cost him a heap to let me die in style, instead of out in the street, to be found by the copper.' Will you do it for me, Cis? I ain't got no right to arst it, but, straight, if yer do it, I knows they'll reckon it up for yer above."

Did he do it?

He did more. Two days after, when the doctors had pulled her round a bit, he took her tenderly off to the South of France, and there, in a Riviera palace, happy in the arms of the "toff" who once had loved her, Cecil Hamleys' gutter idol died, "The Honourable Sarah" to the last.

R. R.



MISS WALTERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BEAUFORT, BIRMINGHAM.

SMALL TALK.

Since the return of the Court to England her Majesty has been much engaged with "affairs," and has been busy morning after morning with Sir Henry Ponsonby, getting through the arrears of business which have accumulated during her visit to the Continent. Only those who have actually seen the quantity of documents which daily arrives at Windsor Castle during the Queen's residence there can form any adequate conception of the amount of work which even the most perfunctory inspection of their contents would entail. Long habit and Sir Henry Ponsonby's skilled assistance alone enable her Majesty to get through her "daily round of toil," and it is little wonder that the Queen always endeavours to get away from Windsor as quickly as possible. While at the Castle, the Queen always passes her mornings at Frogmore, a couple of mounted grooms being kept constantly employed riding to and fro with relays of despatch boxes. Since Frogmore has been connected with the Castle by telephone, Sir Henry Ponsonby has been saved a great deal of correspondence and the grooms a considerable amount of riding.

There will shortly be a vacancy for a maid-of-honour in the Queen's Household, in consequence of the approaching marriage of the Hon. Mary Hardinge with Captain Kirkpatrick. There is always a long list of candidates for this post, but the really eligible names on the list are generally few and far between, for the lot of a maid-of-honour is not altogether a happy one—a fact fully realised by the best set. The three hundred a year which a "maid" receives, although it must be admitted a handsome sum as salaries go, barely does more than cover dress expenses, for the Queen is very particular that those about her should be well dressed, and with plenty of variety. Miss Hardinge will receive the usual present of a thousand pounds from the Queen upon her marriage—a pleasant perquisite, which candidates for the post doubtless take into consideration. It must be very awkward when her Majesty selects some young lady for one of these vacancies who does not care about the position, for, of course, the offer is equivalent to a command, and a refusal would give great offence.

When the Queen was returning from the Continent, a Government messenger left London for Flushing with the Cabinet boxes and despatches, which were dealt with by the Queen during the passage, and they were all returned the same evening to the various offices. There is no truth whatever in the statement which has appeared in some of the provincial papers that the Queen brought back to England a large and valuable collection of presents which she received at Florence and Darmstadt. The Queen brought back nothing new, except a collection of photographs, a few plants, and some paintings.

The new church at Crathie, replacing the bald kirk so familiar to the Queen, is to be aided by a bazaar, which will be opened some time in August, I believe, though the dates are not quite fixed yet. Meanwhile, a bazaar book is being prepared, which will prove almost unique in the history of this familiar class of literature. The editorship has been undertaken by Mr. R. A. Profeit, of the Foreign Office, the son of Dr. Profeit, Commissioner to her Majesty at Balmoral, and the enthusiasm which he throws into everything with which he is connected will doubtless result in a volume hard to beat. "Under Lochnagar" is the appropriate title which Mr. Profeit has chosen to call the volume, which is to be issued at seven-and-sixpence, with an *édition de luxe* at two guineas. The whole district is rich in legendary lore, which will be worked up by the editor himself, while the parish minister, Mr. Campbell, will deal with the ecclesiastical history of the parish. Some idea of the uniqueness of the volume will be gathered when it is said that among the contributors are the Marquises of Lorne and Huntly, Mr. William Black, Mr. Jerome, Mr. Lang, and Mr. John Hare, who appeared at Balmoral with his company last autumn. Signor Tosti will send an original song, while art will be represented by illustrations from Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., Sir Noel Paton, Sir J. D. Linton, W. E. Lockhart, G. Crossland Robinson, Gustave Doré, Harry Furniss, the Marchioness of Granby, W. E. Lavery, G. F. Watts, R.A., and Joseph Farquharson.

May Day was somewhat cold and dull in the Metropolis, and save one set of garlanded and bedizened creatures with a Queen of the May in a fair wig, false flowers, a whitened face, and most unmistakable man's boots and "lower arms," as I believe fastidious Americans term them, I saw none of the old May Day merrymakers. The cart-horses, however, supplied a great deal of varied colour. Very tastefully had some of the men decorated their fine animals. At Oxford Circus, in the middle of the day, I met a string of vans belonging to Pears' Soap Company, drawn by some splendid horses, which were trimmed in a remarkably effective manner. There was one pair of black horses decked in scarlet and yellow that everyone admired. Indeed, the procession was a great attraction to the passers-by in that crowded thoroughfare.

"Poppyland," dearly loved by so many pilgrims to the eastern counties, seems gradually—luckily it is but gradually—slipping away from its inhabitants. A friend of mine, who has been spending a few days at Overstrand, close to Lord Battersea's beautiful place, tells me how year by year the crumbling sand cliffs plunge into the deep, or, at any rate,

on to the beach. Not long since, a landslip carried with it a horse and cart, that were buried deep beneath tons of fallen soil. The little church at Sidestrand has been removed stone-by-stone and rebuilt at a safer distance from "devouring ocean"; but the tower remains, too strongly built to be removed without enormous expense, and there, some few yards from the edge of the cliff, it awaits a certain doom. Some fine morning, what is now an object visible for miles around will have taken its plunge into the sea. It seems a hard case; but it is probably too late now to try and excite practical sympathy for the fine old tower.

When Mr. Kipling entitled one of his most powerful stories "My Lord the Elephant," he managed to express, as he can do so well, in a single phrase the characteristics of his subject. For the elephant is still wonderful, almost as much so as he was to our infant imaginations.



The accompanying photograph gives a striking idea of his usefulness. The huge boiler, weighing ten tons, had to be transported to the Galaha tea estate, Ceylon, through a hilly country. The difficulties were enormous, but all were overcome by the strength and, let it be said, the intelligence of the elephant.

It is sometimes amusing, when one hands one's telegram to the young lady who for a modest sum will transmit the message, to note the naïve manner in which it is read aloud, and the sort of personal interest the fair transmitter appears to take in the business. I was told the other day, on most excellent authority, that when a certain well-known young nobleman became engaged, not so very long ago, his fortunate fiancée called at a West-End post-office, and wired to her particular lady chum, "Congratulate me, I am engaged to Lord —." The young person who "took" this wire read it slowly through, and then remarked, "Are you, really, Miss? Well, I do congratulate you; I always understood Lord — was meant for one of the Marlborough House girls."

Englishmen are not without a thirst for knowledge of the private life of public people, but their American cousins will any day give them a long start and a bad beating. The other day, I came across a friend who has in his time taken many English theatrical companies across the big drink. We were discussing and comparing American and English journalism, and my companion expressed a decided preference for the latter. "You see," he said to me, "I was never trained as a novelist, but in America I was absolutely obliged to turn out fiction by the yard. For example, when I was over in the States with the Gaiety company, the anxiety of the Yankee pressmen to know everything about everybody was overpowering. I kept them at bay with facts as long as I could; but when I found they would have it, I gave them fiction. Some of the yarns which I concocted were handed round, improved on in repetition, and, finally, worked up into the neatest of all possible romances. Letty Lind, for instance, was given out to be one of the favourite models of Sir John Millais, and Americans read that her portrait had many a time decorated the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery. She sat to him under an assumed name, which I was bound by oaths not to reveal. Sylvia Grey was said to be the only daughter of an Australian millionaire, who owned countless flocks and herds. Marion Hood was the pick of the bunch, and always figured as the good girl who sat in the wings reading 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs' or 'Beeton's Cookery Book' until she had to appear. When we were in Chicago I gave out that she had started a Sunday-school mission for Chinamen in State Street. This fabrication brought down the town, while an astounding number of hardened sinners started to reform and wanted to join that class. It was a splendid advertisement for the company; but there was one unpleasant feature in the episode, for the fair Marion took offence at being made to bear the burden of so much righteousness, and from that day to this has never forgiven me."

Miss Cissy Loftus, whom Mr. Max Beerbohm's quaint imagination figures forth here, has returned to her first love, the music-hall. Her delightful mimicry has lost none of its charm, as her nightly reception at the Palace Theatre amply testifies. It were, indeed, an extremely *blasé* audience that could readily tire of her imitations of, say, Mr. Eugene Stratton, whose peculiar individuality, very marked as it is, eludes other imitators. So far, she has shown her ability in this one class of work; whether she can do anything else remains to be seen. Miss Loftus has become a "first-nighter" of late in a small way, and she was present at the private view of the New Gallery.

The ever-increasing popularity of Wagner's music is not a little due to its exponents. Neither Whistler in art, Ibsen in drama, nor Zola in literature have been more abused and wilfully misunderstood than was the great Bayreuth composer. Richter has done a great deal to lead the popular taste in the right direction, and the latest conductor of Wagner's music, Herr Mottl, is, to my mind, as good. Some very few years ago, I used to attend every representation of one of Wagner's operas. I would crowd up into the slips with the rest of the musical enthusiasts, and enjoy every note of the performance. One evening I struck up an acquaintance with an old German, who came as regularly as I did. We soon understood one another, and he explained to me all the different *motifs* of the music, and taught me how the music itself tells the tale. Very pleasant, indeed, were those conversations in the corner of the gallery, beguiling the tedium of the long intervals. My knowledge of music was exceedingly slipshod, my acquaintance with theory, counterpoint, and harmony exceedingly slight; but under my old acquaintance's guidance I began to make considerable progress. I had attended most of the good concerts and operas for twelve years, and altogether began to fancy myself a judge. Finally, a little paper, which shall be nameless, lost its musical critic, and I took his place. I was ashamed to tell my mentor, who had so often smiled at my jumbled knowledge, but from that hour the slips knew me no more, and I sat in the stalls of the scornful, where congregate Fuller Maitland, Joseph Bennett, and Bernard Shaw. The last-named doesn't congregate now, but he did then. When the novelty had worn off, I lacked the companionship of the musical enthusiasts, and would often cast longing glances to my old home in the slips.

When I started the last paragraph I intended to write about Mr. Andrew Black, who has made such a specialty of Wagner's music. The great bass vocalist is a Glasgow man, and started being one some thirty-four years ago. His first musical appointment was as organist at a church in his native town. He was in business at the time, and his adoption of the profession he now adorns came about by accident. One New Year's Day a performance of the "Messiah" was to take place, and Signor Foli, who was to sing the bass music, was taken ill at the last moment. Young Black was called upon at short notice, and so well did he acquit himself that business pursuits knew him no more. He went to London, and finally to Naples, to study. On his return to England, he sang at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society Concerts, and with Richter and Sir Charles Hallé. America knows him, for he spent a busy year with the American National Opera Company. It is in selections from the various Wagner operas that Andrew Black is at his best. Not only his voice seems able to bear the many burdens the composer has put upon it, but he realises the song he is singing, and brings upon the concert platform the atmosphere of the opera house. If you will only listen, and allow imagination to fill in details, you can picture all the mystic surroundings, all the background of legendary lore, which make the "Nibelungen

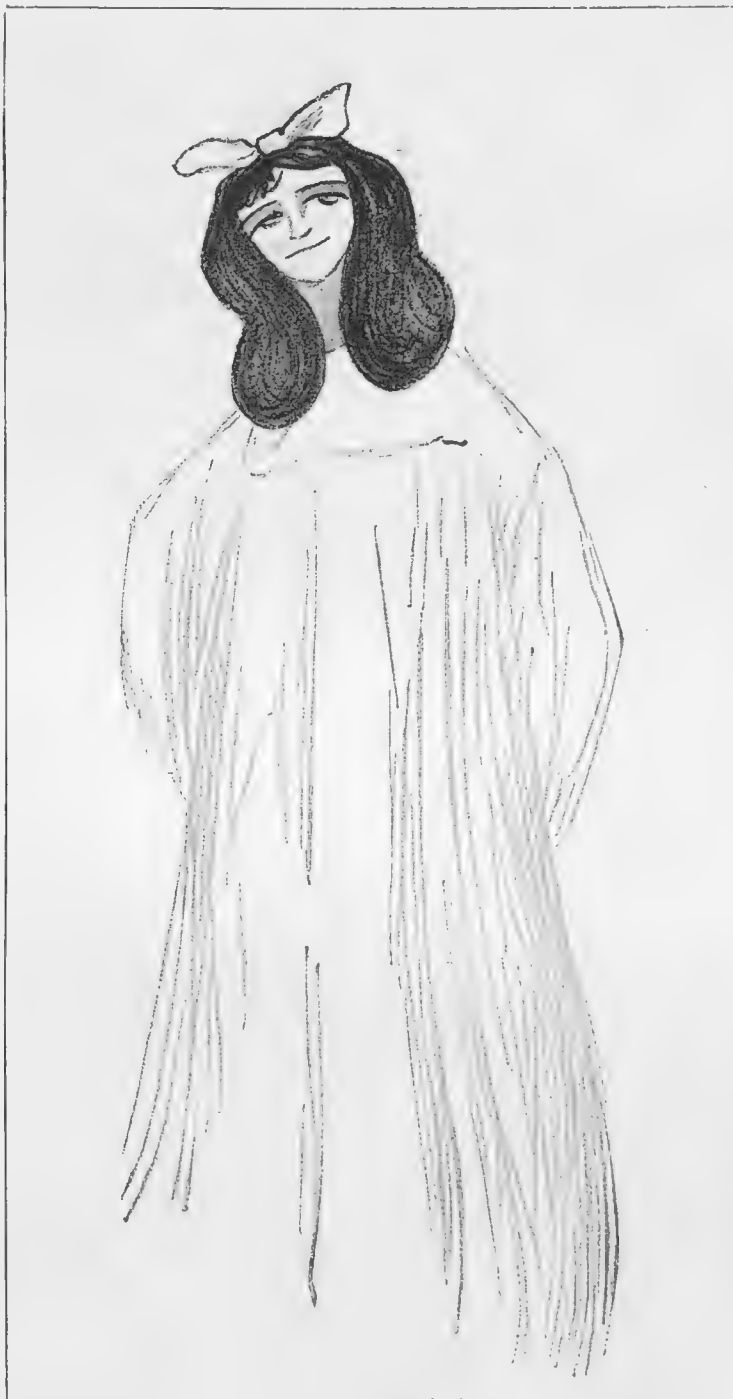
Ring" and other gems like "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" the delight of all thoughtful people and the despair of those who look upon concerts and operas as an excuse for the amusement of a dull or an idle hour.

Preparations for the great triennial Handel Festival, to be held at the Crystal Palace in June next, go on apace. No fewer than 4000 voices will supply the chorus, London alone sending 2500, the remainder being gathered from the cathedral cities and other musical centres of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The orchestra will number 500 of the best instrumentalists the kingdom can supply. The great rehearsal is fixed for Friday, June 22, and the festival itself commences on Monday, June 25, with a performance of the "Messiah." Wednesday, the 27th, will be devoted to a selection from the great composer's sacred and secular works, and on Friday, the 29th, "Israel in Egypt" will be given. How easy all this is to write, how difficult to conceive! I recollect seeing the festival many years ago, and have still in my memory that vast sea of faces, the ocean of harmonious sound. No one who attends one of these festivals can ever forget it. The performance will be under the skilled direction of the ever-green August Manns, and I ask all lovers of good music what more can they possibly want?

I well recollect the outcry that went up some ten years ago, when Sir Michael Costa's illness placed the *bâton* in the hands of August Manns. The latter had then enjoyed nearly thirty years' connection with the Crystal Palace, but the Handel Festival had always, down to that time, been in the hands of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose performances Sir Michael directed. Nobody was anxious to accord much chance to the newcomer, and he had to win his spurs under somewhat discouraging circumstances. The way he went through his work upon the memorable occasion set the seal upon his already great reputation. I recollect reading in some magazine—the *English Illustrated*, I think—an article on famous conductors, from the pen of that accomplished musical critic, Joseph Bennett, and I noticed that he placed Mr. Manns very high upon his list. While Sir Joseph Barnby is the first among conductors of choirs, and Richter among those who preside over Wagnerian concerts, the Palace conductor is placed by Mr. Bennett in the first rank as an all-round man. Mr. Manns is now in his seventieth year, having been born near Stettin, in North Germany, in the early part of 1825. He has done a great deal to make classical music popular, and, in spite of his reverence for old masters, is ever ready to give promising young men an opportunity. It is, indeed, a big chance for a musician to have his work performed at Sydenham. He is sure to obtain the co-operation of the most finished instrumentalists,

the personal attention of the great *chef d'orchestre* himself, and the assistance of a really clear-headed body of musical amateurs.

A little crowd and a couple of policemen outside the windows of well-known jewellers', at the corner of Air Street, Piccadilly, attracted my attention the other afternoon. For a moment I thought that the jewellers, whose name, by-the-way, was very prominent in the Osborne case, had been the object of Anarchist attentions; but on squeezing my way through the crowd I found that the attraction was a substance that attracts a good many people—gold, to wit. The gold in question is piled up in ingots and nuggets; in value it amounts to some £35,000, and it has been sent for exhibition from Western Australia by the Government of that colony. Thirty-five thousand pounds is a nice little fortune, and, though it would be an intolerable weight for a man to carry, it does not take up so much room as some might fancy, and is easily arranged in a comparatively small window.



LINES SUGGESTED BY MISS CISSY LOFTUS.
DRAWN BY MAX BEERBOHM.

At about half-past eight, on the evening of Saturday, April 28, when I, surrounded by my household gods, was enjoying the cigarette and coffee dear to the man who has dined wisely and well, I received a strange telegram. It read as follows: "'Katrina' dying calmly and peacefully. What offer for the corpse when cold?—Slater." The coffee fell from my nerveless cup, I swallowed some tobacco smoke, and was exceedingly dejected. The ballet has lasted rather more than a year, and my diary records the creditable fact that I saw it performed upon sixty-two occasions. The only thing that troubles me is the fact that, on my own showing, I missed more than two hundred and fifty representations. It was certainly the most tuneful and charming ballet the Empire has ever seen, and has supplied me with more copy than his liver, "Faust Up-to-Date," and "Albert Edward" have been the means of supplying to "Dagonet." The new ballet is a concession to the popular clamour for—I had very nearly written horseplay, but I will content myself with calling it burlesque dancing. I saw a rehearsal of it some weeks ago at Madame Lannier's place in Tottenham Court Road. One little circumstance connected with my visit I am not likely to forget. The *première*, Mdlle. Sarcy, had not arrived, so Madame herself went through some of her movements. I can conscientiously say that the great *maitresse de ballet* is still a perfect mistress of her art, and that if she could be persuaded to return to the stage would be as far before her rivals now as she was formerly, which is saying a great deal. I would like to write at great length about the dances, the solos for the sisters Vincent and graceful Mdlle. Cora, the comic business entrusted to Messrs. Ridley and Bishop, the pantomime for Mesdames Cavallazzi and Paston; but if I were to do all this I should be infringing the "copy" rights of Mr. "Monocle" and should become disliked. Hence my brevity.

Once again some of the libraries have given Mr. George Moore to understand that the morality of his books is too outspoken for them. Are our libraries justified in exercising such rigorous care over our morals? Of course, their action is not new. "A Mummer's Wife" and "A Modern Lover" were treated in precisely similar fashion. It is really very good of these people to look so well after our moral welfare, but, strictly speaking, it is not necessary. The discrimination of Puritans is generally very defective, and it is a matter for congratulation that in the present instance, beyond causing some little inconvenience and delay to the reading public, no harm is done by the boycotting of Mr. Moore's new novel. The only serious consideration is whether libraries which are established to serve the public have any right to dictate to that public what it may read and what it must leave alone. To George Moore and his publishers the matter is only one of advertisement; they will probably benefit by the censorship. Let us consider, however, the case of a practically unknown man who has a message to deliver to the world that listens. However well the reviewers may think of him, it is the circulating libraries that will bring him before the public, and if in the exercise of their discretion they refuse to do so, a serious blow is dealt to literature. I hear that the Society of Authors is likely to take the matter up in the case of "Esther Waters," and if they deal a blow to the autoeracy of the great libraries they will earn the grateful thanks of everybody.

A singular jumble of pseudo-Jack-Sheppardesque romance and end-of-the-century sordidness is there about the organisation of young Surrey-side roughs who rejoice in the hardly original title of the "Hooligan Boys." These precious young scamps, it appears, pay a secretary twopence a week a-piece to meet any fines that may be inflicted for assaults upon the police, and the said secretary—here the romance comes in—is empowered to impose similar twopenny penalties upon those recreant and craven members of the gang who are found unprovided with such necessary weapons of offence as sticks or belts. Fists; it may be observed, also, *par parenthèse*, are apparently at a discount among these valiant youths. I have heard of nothing more impudently lawless since the days of the so-called Regent's Park murder, when the little feud between two sets of lads, dwelling in the neighbourhood of Euston Road, culminated, one night, in a fatal outrage. How is it that there is some sort of magic, derived, probably, from the accompanying feeling of comradeship, residing in the term "boys"? Actors, especially touring actors, habitually refer to their professional colleagues as "the boys." Everybody in town knows who "the Gaiety boys" are, and it is, I fancy, the same notion of collectivity in occupation, animal spirits, or amusement-seeking that led the writer of the words of a popular music-hall song to choose the title of "The Rowdy-Dowdy Boys." The fact is, as an old schoolmaster of mine used to say years ago, "the young male of the human species" is at heart merely a barbarian.

Last Sunday was Chestnut Sunday. History relates not whence and why the small gala day came into existence, but there can be no doubt that it should coincide with Whitsuntide. So it was always in "the good old times." Last year, however, the festival fell as early as April 30, and then many of the blooms in Bushey Park were almost past their prime—just four weeks too early. This year the Avenue was one mass of white. No one knows of an official edict that such and such is Chestnut Sunday, yet thousands of people always select the right day and flock to see the trees, thereby making glad the hearts of many Jehus, and drawing week-day City 'buses to take a day's breath of fresh air where dust blinds but asphalt steameth not. It is a worthy custom, and none would grudge its keeping, however early. But a little way from the Chestnut Avenue—and in many other places also—there is

another sign that the weather this year is rather "previous." Already the riverside boatmen—so much more melancholy than their marine brethren—are, perforce, fain to put on a joyful countenance and lay about to reap their harvest from the waters.

It weren't exactly that they bathed,
'Twas the nasty way they did it

in the Islington Workhouse that Mr. Henry Finch, a casual, objected to. His objections resulted in his hiding under a bed to avoid the process, and this hiding resulted in another which he swore was administered to him by the Labour Master and his assistant. These officials he, therefore, summoned to appear Mr. Corser, but that gentleman had but small sympathy with the finer feelings of Mr. Henry Finch. The magistrate declined to entertain his complaints, and dismissed the officials without a stain on their characters.

The first International Shoe and Leather Fair, held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, during the week, was rather a novelty. Until one saw it, one could have little idea of the wonderful number of implements used in the production of boots or the diversity of articles for keeping them in good order. Mr. John T. Day was the manager of the fair.

Playgoers with memories will have had those memories stirred by the announcement of a dramatic recital at Queen's Hall by Miss Kate Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Eighteen months or a couple of years ago, I was beginning to think that Miss Bateman was, as Mrs. Dion Boucicault has since done, resuming her pristine position upon the West-End boards. In May, 1892, for instance, she made her *rentrée* with decided effect at a Vaudeville *matinée*, when was produced "Karin," Mrs. Hugh Bell's translation from the Swedish of Alfild Agrell. In this play Miss Bateman appeared as the determined mother of Oscar Hjerne, the embezzling bank employee (represented by Miss Rose Leclercq's son, Mr. Fuller Mellish), husband of the heroine, Karin, a part sustained by Miss Robins. Somewhat on the same lines was the character of the stern and suspicious Mrs. Grenfell, the rôle for which Miss Bateman was cast in "David," the remarkably interesting play by Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson (the latter figuring on the bill under his *nom de guerre* of "Thornton Clark"), which was produced by Miss Estelle Burney at the Garrick Theatre in November, 1892. Since then little more has been heard of the eldest of the old-time "Bateman children." Among the outstanding impersonations in the long career of this clever lady, I select her Leah, her Mary Warner, her Lady Macbeth, and her Queen Mary; the two last-named both seen at the Lyceum in the now almost prehistoric era before Henry Irving became actor-manager with Ellen Terry as his leading lady. Two of Mrs. Crowe's sisters are still popular with provincial and non-West-End audiences. I refer to Miss Isabel Bateman, in times past the Queen Henrietta Maria and Ophelia of the Lyceum, and to Miss Virginia Bateman, erstwhile known as Virginia Francis, the wife of Mr. Edward Compton, who is, of course, nephew of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie and brother-in-law of Mr. Richard Claude Carton (Crichtett). The fertile theme of these complicated histrionic alliances is, however, carrying my pen too far afield from the recital-giver of Queen's Hall, eldest daughter of the once much talked-about "Colonel" and Mrs. Bateman.

Theatrical records for the last thirty or forty years have a peculiar and irresistible fascination for me, and so the intimation that "Money" is shortly to be revived at the Garrick Theatre, with Mr. Hare and Mrs. Bancroft in their old parts of Sir John Vesey and Lady Franklin, has set me looking backwards. In my mind this play of the first Lord Lytton is always associated with the memorable Bancroft régime. Excluding the six Robertson comedies, "Money" has been placed by the Bancrofts themselves as the third most successful of their productions, following after "Diplomacy" and "Masks and Faces"; while, taking in all its three runs, it comes sixth on the complete list, its predecessors being "School," "Ours," "Diplomacy," "Masks and Faces," and "Caste." Mr. Brookfield, I see, is announced as the Captain Dudley Smooth of the Garrick revival, but, clever actor though he is, I can't imagine him in this part coming near to Mr. Frank Archer, who made his London *début* in the character on the first performance at the dear little "bandbox" theatre, the old Prince of Wales's—now, alas! in a sadly dilapidated and dirty condition—on May 4, 1872. Mr. Archer acted to perfection as the cold, immovable gambler, and I wish he could be persuaded to emerge from his retirement and resume his old rôle.

Mrs. Bancroft was the Georgina Vesey of 1872, Miss Fanny Brough (afterwards succeeded by Lydia Foote) the Clara Douglas, Mr. Coghlan the Alfred Evelyn, George Honey the Mr. Graves, and Mr. Bancroft the Sir Frederick Blount. It was on the reproduction, on May 29, 1875, after the failure of "The Merchant of Venice," that Mrs. Bancroft was first seen as Lady Franklin, a new and charming Clara Douglas being then found in Miss Ellen Terry. "Money," again, was the play chosen by Marie Wilton and the "Squire" for the opening of their management of the Haymarket, and they most assuredly have not forgotten that dreadful night of May 31, 1880, with its fog, the determined disturbance made by the irate pittites banished up aloft, and the plucky behaviour shown by Mrs. Bancroft. And the first act of "Money" was an attraction in the programme of the farewell performance of the retiring manager, July 20, 1885, when the parts in this, as well as in a scene from "London Assurance," were played entirely by past members of the Bancroft companies. Rich in recollections, therefore, Lord Lytton's comedy is, and Mr. Hare and his quondam manageress will, I am positive, have their hearts full on the first night of this new revival.



MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

MISS KATE VAUGHAN REDIVIVA.

I found Miss Vaughan just returned from seven or eight years in the provinces, and she looked quite unsettled and bewildered in a temporary residence she has taken in the north-western district. When I came in she was studying, with evident disinclination, a type-written copy of her part in "King Kodak." She was dressed in a cosy-looking blue dressing-gown, and had her dainty feet stretched out conspicuously upon a footstool. As I came in she passed her hand wearily across her brow; and, throwing aside her part with a sigh of relief, rose to welcome me with all her traditional graciousness.

"He is quite harmless, I assure you," she said, as a sleek Skye terrier began to bark wrathfully at having been disturbed from his comfortable quarters on Miss Vaughan's lap. She addressed a polite remonstrance to him, and, leaping up on the sofa, he nestled against my hat.

Miss Vaughan seemed little changed since the old days when we all knew and admired her at the Gaiety. Perhaps she is a little thinner



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

and a little more bored with everything; perhaps her quiet, soothing voice has acquired rather more of a drawl; but there is no mistaking the grace and charm of the old favourite.

She leaned back in her chair, and said in her deliberate tones, "Ask me any questions you like, and I'll try to answer them."

I said, "Well, give me a concise and dramatic autobiography."

Miss Vaughan made a gesture of dismay, and said, "Anything but that. It's been done over and over again."

"You must feel quite a stranger in London after all these years, Miss Vaughan?"

"I am glad you've mentioned that. All the papers have been stating that this is my first reappearance in town for nine or ten years. I want you to contradict that. It isn't anything of the kind. I've had my own company at the Grand since the old days."

"The Grand? Let me see. That's hardly London, is it?"

"Of course, it is. But now about this reappearance. The point is that it's my first appearance in burlesque of this new kind. I can tell you I am frightfully nervous about it."

"Nonsense! With your experience——"

"My experience has got nothing to do with it. I always am nervous with every new piece."

"Even in the provinces?"

"Yes, and at every new town. I never have got over my nervousness, and never shall. It causes me perfect agony sometimes. I suppose I may say I am a favourite with the public still, and that I shall find I have not been altogether forgotten. I know the Press has been very good to me all this while. Again and again I have seen paragraphs in the London papers saying, 'Miss Vaughan has been too long away; we wonder when she will return.' What makes me especially nervous is that things have altered so during

my absence. New favourites have come up, and I don't know how I shall compare with them."

"I think you need have no fear on that score, Miss Vaughan. But now tell me, what do you think of the piece you are appearing in?"

Miss Vaughan made a *moue*.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am not a judge, for I have never even seen one of these new burlesques, and from all I hear they are more like variety entertainments than the old burlesques, such as 'Don Cæsar de Bazan.'"

"I suppose you have a number of dances in the piece?"

"Yes—rather more than I quite like; but"—with a laugh—"I suppose it's expected of me."

"And you dance in the old style, not the new?"

"Yes; the old, old style, you may be sure. As for this skirt dancing and all the rest of it, I don't call it dancing at all. I call it an acrobatic performance. No doubt, it is all very well for those who have been brought up as acrobats; but I'm not going to begin turning somersaults and Catherine-wheels all over the stage."

"Do you expect to stay in town altogether now?"

"That I can't tell; but I should like to do so. I want to appear in comedy. Of course, I should have preferred the old quartette with dear old Nelly and the rest of them; but that can't be, and I am very happy to be with Mr. Terry. Indeed, I chose a smaller part in order to be more on the stage with him. I was originally offered a much bigger part."

"You have abandoned your provincial tour with the 'Dancing Girl'?"

"Well, the company is still going on with it. The managers who booked the touring company have been very kind in allowing me to break my contract with them. You can't think what trouble I have had on similar occasions before. Once I was made to pay several hundred pounds to get off."

"Then you really won't indulge me with any biographical details?" I said, as I rose to take my leave.

"Oh! well, you may say that I was not always a dancer. At the age of fourteen I was playing with Emery and G. F. Rowe as Little Nell. It was the late Augustus Harris who engaged me. I have also done business with Sir Augustus. I remember once, when I had a dreadful cold and lost my voice, he presented me with a pink silk jersey to wear on the stage. It was rather a funny experience, for all my lines had to be said by somebody else. For instance, I would move my lips and the Prince would interrupt with, 'I know what you are going to say,' and then give my lines for me. It was very laughable."

Then we shook hands, and Miss Vaughan insisted on coming down to the door with me.

"It'll do me good," she said, laughingly, when I expressed my remonstrances.

H. V.

A SWEDISH GYMNASIUM IN LONDON.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," pleaded Juvenal, and Madame Osterberg, the head of the Hampstead Physical Training College for Women, and the able exponent of the Swedish system of gymnastics in England, believes firmly in the dictum. Curiosity led me one day to pay a visit to the institution in Broadhurst Gardens, where about thirty girls of various ages over eighteen are training themselves to fulfil the high ideal so sternly set before them of "a sound mind in a sound body." With the great question of "Rational Dress," discussed with such vigour in the women's papers just now, in my mind, I watched with the greatest interest the entrance of the vaulting class into the gymnasium. All the girls were clad in costumes of a rather bright shade of navy blue, the dress consisting of stockings, knickerbockers, and jersey of stockingette, over which an exceedingly pretty tunic of blue cloth, confined round the waist with a loosely-fastened girdle, is worn. The tunic falls to the knees, and reminded me strongly of those one sees in such plays as "As You Like It."

For outdoor wear there is a skirt coming to within four inches of the ground. This dress is wonderfully light and comfortable, and leaves free play for every muscle in the body. Of course, corsets are tabooed. The average waist measurement is about twenty-five inches, and the girls are a good two inches above the average height, and broad in proportion. I was most interested to notice that the students had all, or nearly all, the most exquisite complexions, due greatly, I suppose, to the food, about which Madame Osterberg has strict theories, and the amount of exercise in the fresh air. Cold tubs are *de rigueur* every morning and sponging with warm water every evening, both excellent things for the skin. Fencing, vaulting, and all the various exercises included in the Swedish system of gymnastics are taught in the well-fitted gymnasium, a lesson of theory succeeding a lesson of practice, so that at the end of the two years' course the students are fully competent not only to teach gymnastics, but to explain the full value, both physiologically and anatomically, of each exercise. Cricket and tennis, played with enthusiasm on the college ground at Neasden, are the favourite recreations for the summer evenings. I was particularly struck, while watching the vaulting class, with the perfect naturalness and freedom, as well as the ease and grace, of the students. Somehow, mock modesty and divided skirts, affectation and knickerbockers, seem eternally divorced; the effect of skirts on self-consciousness would be curious to note. The girls have "figures like Greek statues," as someone remarked to me; but Greek statues require a setting of Greek drapery, and would look very incongruous in modern garments, and between Greek drapery and the spring fashions of 1894 there is a great gulf.

D.

MISS KATE VAUGHAN IN SOME OF HER OLD CHARACTERS.

From Photographs by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



AMY ROBSART.



LADY TEAZLE.



MAID MARIAN IN "ROBIN HOOD."



LALLA ROOKH.



Richard Wilson.

Cosway.

George III.

Dr. Johnson.

THE FIRST ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE, 1771.
FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES DEANLON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Royal Academy, in the century and a quarter over which its existence extends, has had the usual fate of public bodies. It has found its historians and its apologists, its caricaturists and its satirists, and even its poets. Of the last-named, Peter Pindar was the most noteworthy, and, at the same time, the most scurrilous. Nevertheless, the Academy has survived all, even the fulsome flattery of its panegyrists and the



THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE, 1821.

numbing influence of royal patronage. It must, however, be allowed that without the personal interest taken by George III. in the scheme laid before him in 1769 by Benjamin West and others the Royal Academy would never have existed, and "The Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain," with its narrow aims and petty jealousies, would have continued to sacrifice art to personal interests. Strangely enough, Reynolds, who was to be the first President of the Royal Academy, studiously held aloof from the movement to which it owed its foundation. His contemporaries, however, recognised his claims, and in the plan of the proposed Academy submitted to the King on Dec. 7, 1768, Reynolds's name stood first on the list, and among the thirty-five others were those of two ladies—Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser.

The first rooms assigned to the Royal Academy were in old Somerset House, the dower house of many Queens of England, built by John of

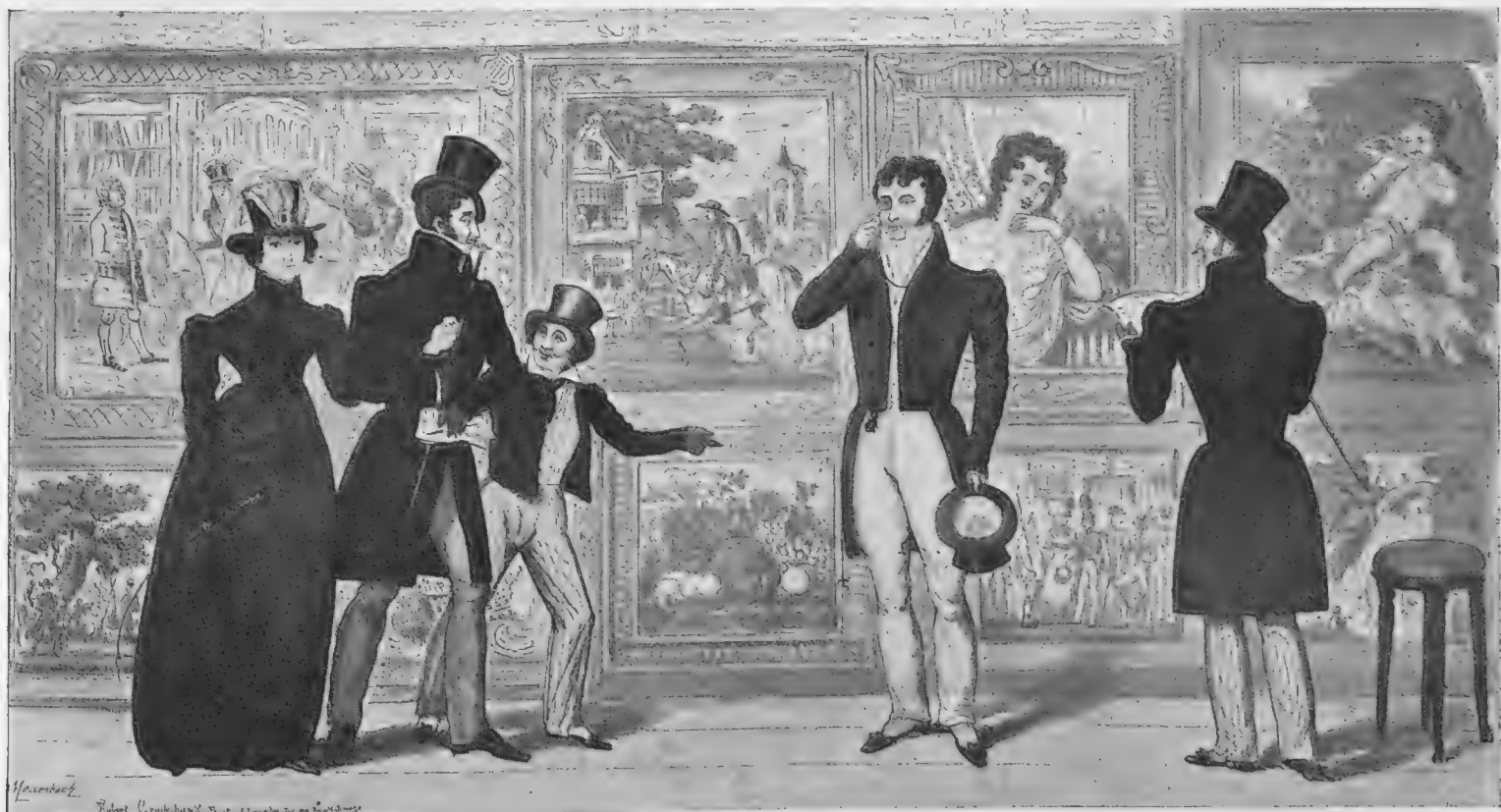
was represented by five portraits and two landscapes, Reynolds by three portraits and a mythological subject, and Benjamin West by his well-remembered "Death of Wolfe" and his happily forgotten "Continence of Scipio." Of the notabilities at the private view in 1771, George III.—slightly flattered—occupies the central place, and behind him some of the younger members of the Royal Family. On the extreme left, Richard Wilson, R.A., is recognisable by



THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1837.

his bottle-nose. Opinions differ as to whether the lady with the fan is a very flattered rendering of Queen Charlotte or is an actual portrait of the fascinating Mrs. Cosway, whose husband follows her at a short distance. The burly figure on the right is said to be Dr. Johnson, and the two prominent figures in the background are probably Lord Bute and Dr. Terriek, Bishop of London.

In 1780 the new Somerset House, built by Sir William Chambers, was sufficiently advanced to permit the exhibition of the pictures of the Royal Academy in the rooms specially set apart for that society. They were admirably adapted for the purpose, and in proportion to the demands of the time. Of the earlier exhibitions no contemporary print exists; but of the exhibitions of 1787 and the following year we have those of Ramberg, of which the earlier is here given. The Prince of Wales occupies the centre of the picture, being conducted round the gallery by the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking-trumpet in hand.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1831.

Padua for the Protector Somerset in the sixteenth century. Two previous exhibitions had been held in a temporary room in Pall Mall, but the first of which any pictorial record remains was also the first in the old palace. Of this a mezzotint by Earlom, here reproduced, gives a graphic idea, and a reference to the catalogues shows that the painters had at once responded to the stimulus given by royal patronage. In 1769 only 136 objects—pictures, sculptures, etchings—had been exhibited, but in 1771 the number had already risen to 276. Gainsborough

The other visitors must be left to fancy, but some have thought to distinguish in the crowd the faces of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Sheridan, Alderman Boydell, and Fuseli; and it has been said that the clergyman was intended for the Rev. William Peters, R.A., and chaplain to the Royal Academy. It is, however, more easy to identify the pictures than the visitors. Gainsborough had withdrawn some years before this date; Angelica Kauffmann was dying at Rome; Reynolds, however, was represented by thirteen pictures and portraits, including those of



The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE, 1787.

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHANN HEINRICH RAMBERG.

Lady Stanhope, Lady St. Asaph, and Mrs. Bosville. The two large canvases on the right and left are Northcote's Sir William Walworth and Opie's "Murder of David Rizzio." Those who care to look will be able to distinguish Miss Cosway's "Cybele," and her portraits of Lady Smyth and her three children, and of Lady Jersey, "the Enchantress," and Cosway's portrait of Lady Page Turner with her child in a cradle. We gather, moreover, from this picture that dogs were admitted to the private view, and that it was not until the following year, 1788, that a special day was set apart for Royalty, another picture by Ramberg showing the gallery, with George III. and his family.

We jump over a generation, and in 1821 we find Sir Thomas Lawrence—a master of prettiness—President, and art generally at a low ebb. The chief exhibitor of the year, Charles Leslie—not yet even an Associate—is attracting attention by his "May Day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth." James Northcote is still laboriously illustrating English history, this year with "Burial of the Princes in the Tower," and William Allan does the equally congenial task for Scotland by depicting the murder of Archbishop Sharp. In caricature, the coarseness of Gillray and Richardson still survives, but there are symptoms of a truer sense of human dignity.

Sixteen years later, the Royal Academy, now under the Presidency of Sir M. Archer Shee, has shifted its quarters to Trafalgar Square, but



THE ROYAL ACADEMY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

not until its management has had to run the gauntlet of Haydon's attacks and Clint's huffiness from within, and the criticism of Joseph Hume and Brotherton in the House of Commons, the former insisting that a wealthy body like the Royal Academy, in return for being housed, should open its exhibition gratuitously. Cruikshank had now become the popular caricaturist. The work was done to appeal to popular tastes. The middle classes had come to the front, and were indulging their taste for art, although it must be admitted that the artists were somewhat slow in attempting to raise their tastes. Constable was dead; Calcott had found but few admirers; Hilton, Pickersgill, *e tutti quanti* gave the tone to English art, and kept at bay men like Linnell, John Martin, and others.

Another third of a century passes, and in 1870 the Royal Academy finds itself once more in fresh quarters, part of the site of old Burlington House having been accorded, after a long and not very dignified wrangle of seven years' duration with the Office of Works, acting on behalf of the Government, but at length amicably settled by the tact of the President, Sir Francis Grant, and the forbearance of Lord John Manners. The Government had to give up several points in the matter of publicity and control on which it was eager to insist, while a few internal reforms were wrung from the reluctant and recalcitrant Academy. Of a private view in the new rooms at Burlington House Mr. Frith made an anecdotic picture some few years ago, in which fashionable beauties and well-known ecclesiastics occupied the foremost places, as they had done a century before in Ramberg's picture.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The last few years of this century might appropriately be termed, in England, at least, the Age of Preachers. Not only have clerics of all and no denominations taken to increase the volume and temperature of their deliveries, but classes long exempt from the contagion have made themselves pulpits of their own, and the country will soon be like Hyde Park on Sunday, even as the town will be one perpetual and endless chapel of all the sects. All men and most women seem bitten by the preaching tarantula. The painter must needs lecture on art, the actor on the drama, the novelist on everything; the journalist will regenerate society before he can write grammatical English: newspapers are sermons, a book is a preachery in boards, and a play a preachery on boards.

And it is just as bad with the professed preachers and teachers. Finding their province invaded by so many strangers, they retaliate by annexing what does not belong to them. They must needs dictate to us laws of economics, prescribe national policy, devise legislation, lay down the law on matters as to which they have neither time, opportunity, nor faculty to acquire any knowledge of the slightest worth. Everybody feels it his duty to blare out his opinion concerning everything, no matter whether he has any qualifications to give an opinion or not. A draughtsman cannot even be insanely out of drawing without founding a new school.

These considerations are forced on one by a look at what is called the literature of the time. There is everywhere the note of pretension. Few men are content with being what they can be. Your minor poet must needs be a theologian; your playwright must set himself to reform the pulpit; your trades-union agitator must extol his kind as greater than the Apostles, and your cleric must explain that the Apostles were really modern agitators, if they had only known it. Are our minor poets and our dramatists, our not particularly eminent clerics and our agitators, such past-masters in their own crafts that they need be in such a hurry to climb the pulpit stairs and regenerate the world?

It is easy and cheap to denounce modern society, the modern clergy, and all their works; but one wishes that the reformers, who are so loud in their denunciations, were to be turned into bishops or curates, into ministers or missionaries, for a few months. They might possibly then arrive at somewhat milder and more sensible views. They might learn to see less infallibility in themselves and more wisdom in even the traditions of religion and the conventions of society; they might recognise that in most cases sentimental philanthropy does more harm than good. Then might we have essays rather than sermons and speech rather than screams from the assailants of the old order; otherwise "Vox Clamantium"—a rather absurd title, by-the-way—is apt to become "Vox Dementium."

For myself, I am inclined to recommend the cobbler to stick to his last or lasts. Let each man do what he can do well by training and study, and pronounce on such matters as he is really conversant with; but let not the cleric lay down the law for the stage unless he has made a study of the drama, nor the playwright or player admonish the Church unless he has studied theology and social conditions more deeply than is necessary for the purpose of bringing a clergyman on the stage—by-the-way, we are not to be allowed to do that any more, I believe—though one of the gifted authors of "Vox Clamantium" may certainly regard himself as next door to an Apostle, for he has undoubtedly induced numbers to escape from "The Tempter."

We are all prone to take ourselves and one another too seriously. It is not necessary that we should be always animated by lofty sentiments. Noble and high-principled ideas are bad for a man—if he utters them too much, at any rate. For there is a principle of compensation in all things human, and the man whose public professions are faultless will be, therefore, all the more likely to commit some disgraceful action, unless he is greatly above the average in virtue. So, too, he who takes himself too seriously is all the more likely to make himself ridiculous. There are screamingly funny passages in Ibsen, simply on account of his seriousness. What parodist could invent anything more ingeniously absurd than the Dundrearyish passage in "Rosmersholm" in which Rebecca asks Rosmer, before their joint suicide, "Yes; but, tell me, is it you who go with me, or is it I who go with you?" and he answers, "We shall never think that out."

It is so much better to laugh—and, really, so much easier. We need more of the good, hearty, irresponsible mirth that shakes out of us the dyspepsia and neurosis of the age. That is why people now shun for the most part the serious drama, and even desert the melodrama (though I have heard critics say that melodrama would be intensely amusing were it not for their comic parts) and flock to anything of a burlesque nature, where they, at any rate, may laugh, and are not required to think. It is simply because our authors and actors take themselves too seriously. They are flattered and prated about; they lecture and are lectured to; they treat a recreative art as if it were a learned science, and the end of that must be boredom.

Many natives of India firmly believe—so I am told—that the Anti-Opium agitation in England is subsidised by the distillers; for, human nature remaining what it is (and nowhere does it change more slowly than in the East), the opium-smoker or opium-eater will take to bad whisky when robbed of his drug. Thus shall we bring our subjects to our own level—the level of the gutter.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Among the more interesting of the new books to be published immediately are a translation of Poushkin's Prose Tales, which will be issued by Messrs. George Bell and Sons; Mr. Buchanan's new novel, "Red and White Heather," to be produced in an appropriate cover by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; "Mr. Sadler's Daughters," a new story by Mr. Hugh Coleman Davidson. Mr. Heinemann will issue immediately "The Art of Taking a Wife," by Mantegazza. This book was to be issued last season, and is likely to create something of a stir. Among new books which are selling well are Wolseley's "Life of Marlborough," Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," Miss Broughton's novel, "A Beginner," and Mr. Stopford Brooke's book on Tennyson. The orders for M. Zola's new story, "Money," are more numerous even than was expected.—Messrs. George Bell and Sons, following the example of Messrs. Longman and Messrs. Macmillan, are to bring out a Colonial Library.—Mr. Nutt will publish immediately Mr. F. S. Ellis's version of "Reynard the Fox," with illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane.

Mr. Lang's "Ban and Arrière-Ban" is cast out into the world with a fine indifference to the increase of his reputation. But it is all very good-natured and graceful, and there are streaks of something else in it, too. His pathetic appeal to his correspondents—

O friends with time upon your hands,
O friends with postage-stamps in plenty,
O poets out of many lands,
O youths and maidens under twenty—

to "seek some other wretch to bore" is, perhaps, characteristic of its general tone. But there are other notes, too, and the best is struck in the "Address to Jeanne d'Arc," the proud address of a Scot, whose countrymen had nothing to do with her martyrdom, but did what they could to prevent it—

Not upon us, dark Lily without blame,
Not on the North may fall the shadow of that shame.

The best of all the frivolous ones is "The Tournay of the Heroes," the battle of old romance against modern fiction. After bringing Roland and Ivanhoe and Don Quixote, and Athos and Dugald Dalgetty, and the Cid and Götz the Ironhanded upon the field, he looks to their opponents—

But who upon the modern side are champions? With the sleeve
Adorned of his false lady-love, rides glorious David Grieve;
A bookseller sometime was he, in a provincial town,
But now before his iron mace go horse and rider down.
Ho! Robert Elsmere, count thy beads; lo! champion of the fray,
With brandished colt come Felix Holt, all of the Modern Day.

The battle proceeds hotly; Romance is victor; David Grieve falling before the sword of Porthos. It is all very unfair, no doubt; but it is very funny, and one echoes heartily—

Oh! send us such a tournay soon, and send me there to see.

Some of Mr. Ruskin's lovers have always loved him not wisely, but too well. Their most recent indiscretion is the volume called "Ruskin on Music," published by Mr. George Allen. The title has an imposing sound, and the type of the volume, or of that part of it made up of Mr. Ruskin's remarks, has a still more imposing look. Nothing was further from his mind when he penned the remarks than to pose as an exponent of music, and in their proper place they have their value as showing his wide sympathies; but wrested out of their setting, annotated, and solemnly paragraphed, they are only pathetic. This is one much quoted, and in which the devout are requested to find great significance: "'Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top,' my mother used to sing to me, and I remember the dawn of intelligence in which I began to object to the bad rhyme which followed: 'When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.'"

The far-away countries, strange names, alien natures, that fill her stories stand between Mrs. F. A. Steel and the popularity she deserves. Perhaps there is another obstacle. She is dramatic, but her dramatic methods are complicated. She prepares the way for her great scenes admirably, leads up to the important moment with faultless, but rather deliberate, precision. She never rushes you there, never flashes the scene before you whether you will or not. So those to whom the supreme moment of a story is everything—and they are nearly everybody—who do not much care what happens on the way, find her a trifle complicated, perhaps dull.

Nevertheless, few writers at present put better material into their books than Mrs. Steel. It is true there is more of the intellectual than the imaginative about her stories; at least, it is her intellect that stimulates her imagination in the first place. But brains instead of mere emotion and instinct should be a valuable novelty in present day fiction.

Her "Flower of Forgiveness" (Macmillan), two volumes of short stories, does not deserve unalloyed praise. She can be wordy and obscure, and is often so here. But her tales have character and significance and poetry. To Indians and Anglo-Indians they are of especial interest. Mrs. Steel has borrowed her opinions from nobody. They are not those of Mr. Kipling, or of the official mind. She scorns alike the supercilious and the sympathetic tourist, and finds the native point of view often impossible, though sanest, on the whole. Her opinions are her own, strongly, sometimes bitterly, always candidly expressed. It is not often one reads from an English pen a cool forecast of such a contingency as "the next mutiny."

Mr. Grant Allen's "Post-Prandial Philosophy" I have found genial and amusing, taken in *Westminster Gazette* small doses, going home in the Underground. It is just as good imbibed from the whole bottle as sold by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. What Mr. Grant Allen can do best of all, and what he can do better than most, is to talk upon paper.

We have paragraphed columns now in most of our papers labelled *causeries*. But they are mostly not *causeries*, but dissertations—dogmatic ones, too—and the spaces between the paragraphs are put in to relieve the eye only, and have little relation to the breaks and turns in a conversation. In a *causerie* on paper you should be aware of the *causeur* and the person he is speaking to. There should be give and take, contradiction and self-contradiction, compromise, sly hits, personal reminiscences, and a certain amount of irrelevance. If you have these, the topics do not much matter. Mr. Allen's do very well—the barbarism of the English aristocracy, the woman question, art, the Celts, the vulgarity of patriotism, and individualist iniquities.

Besides his undoubted wit, his quickness of touch, and his gentleness, there is another and more popular trait in these papers of his. He is too little self-conscious to be afraid of repeating his little jokes and prejudices and sentiments. For instance, his joke about the Englishman abroad, his romance for all that is Celtic, his daring propositions about womankind—which some of the kind say are only old prejudices dished up afresh—we expect repetitions of all these, and we get them. We like them first because they are either very generous, or true, or piquant, and afterwards because of their smiling familiarity, which is that of a friend's twice-told stories. I wish writing *causeries* were as good a trade for Mr. Allen as writing novels.

Miss Mary Dickens is steadily coming to the front as a novelist of character. She works by quiet, unobtrusive methods, adopts no tricks or fads of the day to gain a temporary popularity. She is hardly even attentive enough to graces that might legitimately attract a reader. All her work is honest, solid, clear-headed, yet there is nothing cast-iron about it. Analyses that might in other hands seem hard and merciless are in hers redeemed by a sympathy and by an instinctively unconventional standard of judgment.

"A Valiant Ignorance" (Macmillan) is a stronger novel than "A Mere Cypher." There are fewer failures in it, though perhaps greater monotony. The story is one of hereditary weakness and sin worked out in a commonplace nature. Its development is watched over with anxious, silent heroism by the sinner's mother, a woman three-fourths artificiality, worldliness, and moral obtrusiveness, unable by her limitations of mind and soul to do anything but precipitate the calamity, but capable of being wounded to death by the tragedy of it. From beginning to end one's attention is kept, and this though we are dragged through a dreary, lengthy round of fashionable functions in which the mother and son spend their lives.

Just where the tragedy lightens, Miss Dickens's story is, unfortunately, less inevitable. To avoid ending in gloom, she has let in a little chink of light, but it is difficult to see where she finds sustenance for the hope she holds forth. If there be a mistake here, there are not many elsewhere. She has a strong brain and a clear eye, and abundance of the practical imagination that is called insight.

Burton's "First Footsteps in East Africa," his account of his exploration of Harar, is not one of the best known of his travel books. It deserves a better acquaintance, and a new chance of this is given in the memorial edition, published by Messrs. Tylston and Edwards. Burton probably never was in greater peril, and never showed greater pluck. His adventures are related coolly enough, for the most part, with the air of a man to whom javelins in the cheek and famine in the vitals are the most natural things in the world; but at the end of his journey he cannot resist an expression of the pride that comes upon him, and he tells how he "fell asleep, conscious of having performed a feat which, like a certain ride to York, will live in local annals for many and many a year."

But, after all, the endurances and the reckless daring are not the most wonderful things he records. What shows his superhuman vitality is that, though perils and hunger and thirst and sickness were continually and consciously present, his eye and ear were never closed to the beauties, the interests of the road. Most would have escaped gladly with their skins. He brought a load of learning and legend back.

Miss Adeline Sergeant has had much popular success, and one success which was almost literary. No wonder she wants to follow up the "Penitent Soul," but it is doubtful if she is on the right track. It is all very well to write a low-spirited, egotistical novel once, and make it a fine thing: the circumstances of the "Penitent Soul" demanded both qualities. But when the low-spirited egotist is a fashionable woman, much interested in her symptoms, we soon grow tired. It was a pity to make "The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine" (Heinemann) an autobiography. There is good work in the book, but we are never once relieved from Margaret's depressing personality.

Mr. Warwick Simpson has issued a most humorous and readable collection of stories, which have the merit of wit as well as brevity. The book is entitled "Eighteen of Them" (Leadenhall Press), and is bound to beguile pleasantly many an idle hour. Some of the imaginary dialogues between bus horses have already amused readers of the *St. James's Gazette*, I believe, but they are well worthy of more permanent publication.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE TRIUMPH OF ART.—L. BONNAT.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

That which for some time now has been expected, and has been too long delayed, has come to pass: Mr. Poynter, R.A., has been appointed by the Premier to the position of Director of the National Gallery. "*Roma locuta est; causa finita est*"; but, to repeat a famous observation, made after a certain decision of Rome. "*Eppur si muove.*" The controversy has been one which has involved certain principles of art,



"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I."—MRS. G. A. FRANK.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

and, although it may have been decided by a fallible Prime Minister upon one conclusion, that by no means decides the controversy. The Minister has taken a certain side, and that is all.

The controversy has been carried on principally by two evening papers, the one most anxious to advance the cause of the mere connoisseur in the person of Mr. Sidney Colvin, the other a little dubious which way to go, but quite resolute that a painter of a certain school is not incompetent to fill the position of Director to an important gallery. "To object," writes this contemporary, "to a man, being Director simply because he is a painter seems as absurd as it would be to approve of him simply on that ground. The 'Peer-Premier,' doubtless, saw no necessary incompatibility in a 'Painter-Director.'"

One's first question, upon entering any of the great seasonable galleries, is to ask if its average is generally up to a customary level, and it is a fruitless enough question. You must not judge pictures by the average slab. If a gallery contain one or two pictures of superlative merit, the exhibition must be judged by this highest standard. The Academy which contained, let us say, Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," Sir Joshua's "Johnson," Sargent's "La Carmencita," or other works of extreme value, must be regarded as an Academy of the most conspicuous merit, for in these matters you do not judge by a dull average; a large exhibition must necessarily contain works of execrable virtue, which must weigh down the average most dismally. You judge by the one or two best.

Yet, tried even by this standard, and it is really the only standard which we care to judge by, the New Gallery's Exhibition for this year can scarcely be reckoned as among its conspicuous successes. The two artists who, of course, contribute most to its distinction, so far as names are concerned, are Mr. Watts and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This last artist is chiefly prominent by reason of his oil replica of the water-colour which was recently destroyed by a restorer's carelessness, "*Love Among the Ruins.*" We do not exactly understand why the artist should have determined thus to change the medium in which he has cast his picture, unless, indeed, it were to save him from a repetition of the former disaster; but the colour as now presented in oil seems to us far cruder and more glaring than it should be, and the contrasts are curious.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones has also a portrait and a quasi-portrait, "*Vespertina Quies,*" the first of which is interesting and with some distinction, the last being exceedingly tiresome. We are weary, weary, weary of young ladies whose only hope is hopelessness, whose only

thought is elegance, whose only ideal of health is bloodlessness. Moreover, apart from the question of their health, the ideal is one which seems to take the vitality out of colour and the joy out of vitality. That the lines of these figures have a conscious beauty of development, we readily admit; this goes but a little way in the face of an eternal repetition of a despairing and anæmic ideal.

We have always cherished a peculiar kindness for the work of Professor Costa, and this year a little picture by him of a seashore in Italy in no way lessens that kindness. For this is a painter who combines a peculiarly enchanting technical quality with a genuinely poetical gift. This little picture confesses to both in an altogether satisfactory manner. Mr. Alma-Tadema, meanwhile, no less than in former years, proves by his exquisite sense of harmonious relation how possible it is, through this one gift, to produce the perfect illusion of a shining natural object. The amazing skill with which his brass is executed in his little picture, "*Benediction,*" makes us regret all the more that so delicate a sense of "illusory relation"—the phrase may be forgiven for its aptness—should not have been applied to the solution of the grander problems of light and atmosphere rather than locked up in the privacy of brass and marble.

Professor Herkomer's portrait of Lady Ridley is not, let us confess it, altogether to our satisfaction. It clamours for notoriety, indeed; but this is the notoriety that is not justified of itself. To pass to Mr. Shannon's work, we may genuinely regret that this painter continues to diffuse his great artistic energies over fashionable and elegantly-flowing compositions rather than over one or two canvases which might enlist his concentrated artistic gifts into their own particular service. It is so

much to be a painter of Mr. Shannon's talents that it should not be altogether fruitless to remind him that it is impossible to be a great artist unless he has an almost savage sense of his own responsibility.

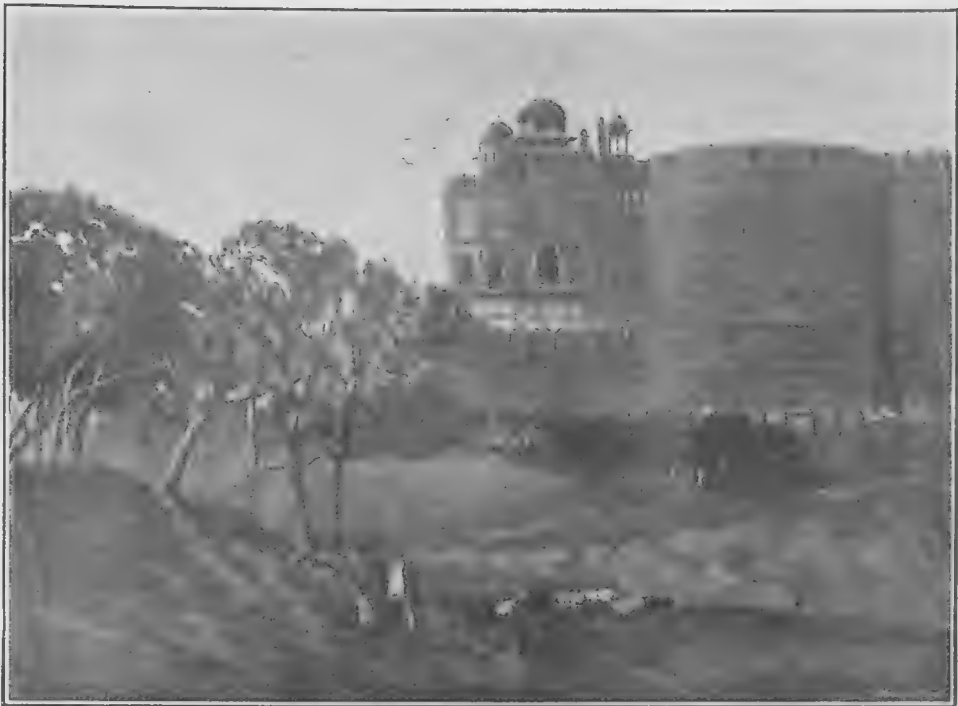
The Hon. John Collier is represented this year at the New Gallery by three portraits, all interesting in their own especial way, but not in any wise great. Mr. Collier paints looking-glass portraits. You look at yourself in the glass, and you see—just yourself: the face of you, bereft of mystery, without secrets, quite public. This is the aspect which Mr. Collier always seems to catch in his sitters. He strikes no average of change; he makes no common measure of the thousand varying moods that pass over the face of a man in the space of even twelve hours. He sees you once, and thus he ever sees you. Nearly everybody must recollect the difference between a familiar face and the same face when it was seen strangely for the first time. It is a matter of general experience. It seems as if Mr. Collier had never passed through this experience. As he sees it once, so it is seen for all time. Let us acknowledge that Mr. Collier's accomplishment, his direct technique, his modelling, and the clean, easy way in which he lays his paint are persuasive and powerful. But the secrets of his portraiture are few, and we halt in our admiration, therefore, at quite a definite point.



A DOUBTFUL COIN.—W. H. BARTLETT.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



RESTAURANT IN THE ARAB QUARTER, CAIRO.—W. BALL.
Exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, Old Bond Street.



THE DELHI GATE OF THE AGRA FORT.—JOHN VARLEY.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street.



THE TAJ, AGRA.—JOHN VARLEY.
The property of the Earl of Carlisle.



A HERTFORDSHIRE FARM.—HENRY C. FOX.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



THE DELHI GATE OF THE FORT, DELHI.—JOHN VARLEY.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street.



NEAR LUXOR.—WILFRID BALL.
Exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, Old Bond Street.

A NEW EMPIRE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

During the past few seasons the Empire directorate have experienced some difficulty with regard to their *premières*. Those of us who recollect Cerali, and, later, Bettina de Sortis, look in vain for anyone to take their place. We have plenty of dancers who are technically perfect, on whom



Photo by Martin and Sainou, Strand.

MDLLE. BRAMBILLA.

on the *tapis*, and that Mdle. Brambilla was succeeding Carlotta Brianza. This news was somewhat surprising, because I did not think that the management could easily improve upon the last-named.

Now that I have seen Mdle. Brambilla's performance, I must confess that to my mind there has been nothing gained by the alteration. Nevertheless, it is only fair for us to wait until the nervousness inevitably attendant upon a dancer's first appearance in England has passed. Some few nights back, I was enabled, by the courtesy of the management, to have a short chat with Mdle. Brambilla. I found her to be a modest young lady, who has already triumphed over the critical audiences of Bucharest and Naples. She told me that she was trained in Milan, the home of ballet, and that she takes very seriously to her profession and invents all her own dances; has never been in England before, and is very pleased with the kind reception accorded to her, for which she asked me to convey to the public, through the medium of *The Sketch*, her grateful thanks. Mdle. Brambilla is more than a dancer: she is a musician and a good pianist, and, despite all her experience and past work, is only twenty years of age. She told me that her dance in the last scene of the ballet was so successful in Naples that she brought it with her, music and all, and trusts to find it equally appreciated over here. After the short conversation from which I gleaned the above facts I returned to my seat, and a few moments later "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was in full progress. In the Temptation scene Mdle. Brambilla made her appearance, and her progress was punctuated by applause. In the final act the solo from Naples was warmly acknowledged by the crowded house. Then I reflected that *premières* are sought to please the public, and not to please me, and, consequently, decided to withhold criticism.

BOHEMIAN.

"ESTHER WATERS." *

It is the fate of some of us to read many novels with the hope—rather a faint hope—that we may find, not heroes and heroines of more than mortal gifts and graces, but agreeable companions who will condescend to visit the sanctum of the memory, and charm us in a dull hour with all that has taught us to appreciate the honour of their acquaintance. To this sanctum come visitors of old standing, and of different social degrees, but meeting on a footing of classic equality. In an instant you can summon a distinguished company, bound together by the common tie of fame, which recognises no distinction of birth and station between, let us say, the Marquis of Steyne and Jeanie Deans. But admission to this circle is no easy matter. Your memory is not at home to a multitude of persons who flit through the circulating libraries every season. There is a stern janitor of criticism at the portal of the mind, who drops the cards of innumerable callers into a huge waste-paper basket. He is not in the least impressed by the rank of some of them, who drive up to the door in dashing equipages with extracts from favourable reviews on their carriage panels in gilt letters; but here and there he singles out a humble pedestrian, who, if not actually admitted, is, perhaps, invited to call again. See how his grim features relax as a woman, evidently of the poorer classes, halts timidly on the steps and looks at him with

honest eyes. She has not been whirled through several editions in a coach-and-three, and there is one circulating library, indeed, which has refused her a character. Yet the janitor smiles upon her, and makes her a respectful bow, and presently the word goes up to the sanctuary, where memory is holding a reception of the quality, that Esther Waters is waiting in the hall.

There is nothing romantic in this story of a servant-girl, a story which is marked in a rare degree by real observation and artistic faculty. Mr. Moore has studied the habits of Esther's class with unflinching fidelity. She shares a lot which is only too common: she has an illegitimate child, and is left to struggle with the world under conditions which do not usually make for righteousness. But the girl's instincts are so sound, her integrity so sturdy, her courage so high, that you find yourself slowly impressed, amidst sordid and miserable and even vicious detail, by a monument of sterling character. With infinite skill, Mr. Moore shows how, in a social atmosphere in which ideals are impossible—the atmosphere of the racing-stable, the betting-ring, the public-house—an uneducated girl can live practically unscathed in soul, and all by sheer strength of maternal love, clear common-sense, and an undaunted heart. Religion is an element in Esther's nature, but it simply sustains her native resources, without making any separate channel of emotion. She would have married the God-fearing little stationer, and entered into his ideas with quiet content, if without active enthusiasm, had she not met the father of her child again, and resolved, not without a sharp conflict, to put her fate in this man's hands for the boy's sake. All this episode is observed with perfect truth—the growing influence of William Latch through the child's affections, the unwilling conviction in the mother that this lover, whom she had banished from her life, has, after all, an authority to which she must succumb, and the deepening foundation of respect in his mind for the woman he had so lightly deserted. Latch is a bookmaker, who keeps a public-house chiefly for the sake of illicit betting. Mr. Moore has painted this phase of London life with relentless accuracy. A more forcible picture of a great social evil could not be desired even by the most exacting moralist. Its effect is heightened by the absence of preachment and by the contrast between Esther's devotion to her husband and her repugnance to his trade. He is rather better than most of his class, and he has something like reverence for the woman who makes him feel vaguely ashamed of his calling, though she never moralises on it; but he has to earn a livelihood out of the system, which is one penalty we pay for that precious national institution, the Turf. Let the purveyor or circulator of fiction who looks askance at Mr. Moore's novel consider what a weighty indictment is here against a great instrument of corruption. But whether this is considered or not, Mr. Moore has signally enhanced his reputation by a work of patient and delicate art; he has enriched our imaginative literature with a memorable and pathetic figure; and, so far as I am concerned, Esther Waters is kept waiting in the hall no longer.

L. F. A.

IN HAPPIER CLIMES.*

As Mr. Clement Scott sat dining at the Garrick Club some eighteen months ago with friends who had bidden him to a stirrup-cup before his tour round the world, his comrades felt a passing pang of envy for one who was escaping from fog and gloom to flowers and sunshine. They could not find a note of sadness, a shadow of regret, in the prospect of "an instant gleam of sunny Italy, a few warm and glowing weeks in the land of Pyramids and Egyptian bazaars and the ruined cities of the Nile." Not for them, chained to one or other of the galleys to which Literature and Art condemn their slaves, any suggestion of depression in the thought of "a prolonged Indian summer, and a Christmas spent under a cloudless sky, 'near rose-red cities half as old as Time'; or a New Year basking in flower-scented Ceylon; or an early spring, wandering under the cherry-blossoms of that promised paradise, Japan." Yet Mr. Scott himself, sensitive as all must be who have a vein of poetry welded into the sterner stuff of which journalists and dramatic critics are made, would fain have drawn back. Happily, the hesitation was but momentary, or we should not have had this entertaining volume, "Pictures of the World."

Mr. Scott has lively reminiscences of the humours of life on the ocean wave, with its whiffs of onions and Irish stew, and fat, frizzling bacon, or its parallel on land, the railway-car of the Far West, with its embarrassing sleeping arrangements—"a husband and wife in a division having a bachelor overhead, and all contained in a curtain!" The famous dramatic critic may have given up his stall at the Lyceum for a series of strange experiences far remote from the quiet backwater of the Strand in which Mr. Irving has set up his temple, but the flicker of the footlights beckons him with flamboyant fingers, and we find him very much at home in a Japanese theatre, revelling in the unconscious humour of the popular tragedian Danjuro, who is the Irving of Japan—with a difference. For the most part, Mr. Scott writes optimistically; but he denounces unsparingly the scandal of the Japanese Yoshiwara, where hundreds of gaudily-dressed girls sit behind wooden bars in shop-fronts—cages of soiled doves waiting to be hired—a Regent Street at midnight cum the south side of the Strand, seen through a grille. Full of information and of charm, "Pictures of the World" is a book not merely to read, but to buy—a "magic carpet of Tangu," on which the stay-at-home traveller may fly at will whithersoever his vagrant fancy may deem best.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A NEWLYN FIGURE.
DRAWN BY FRED HALL.



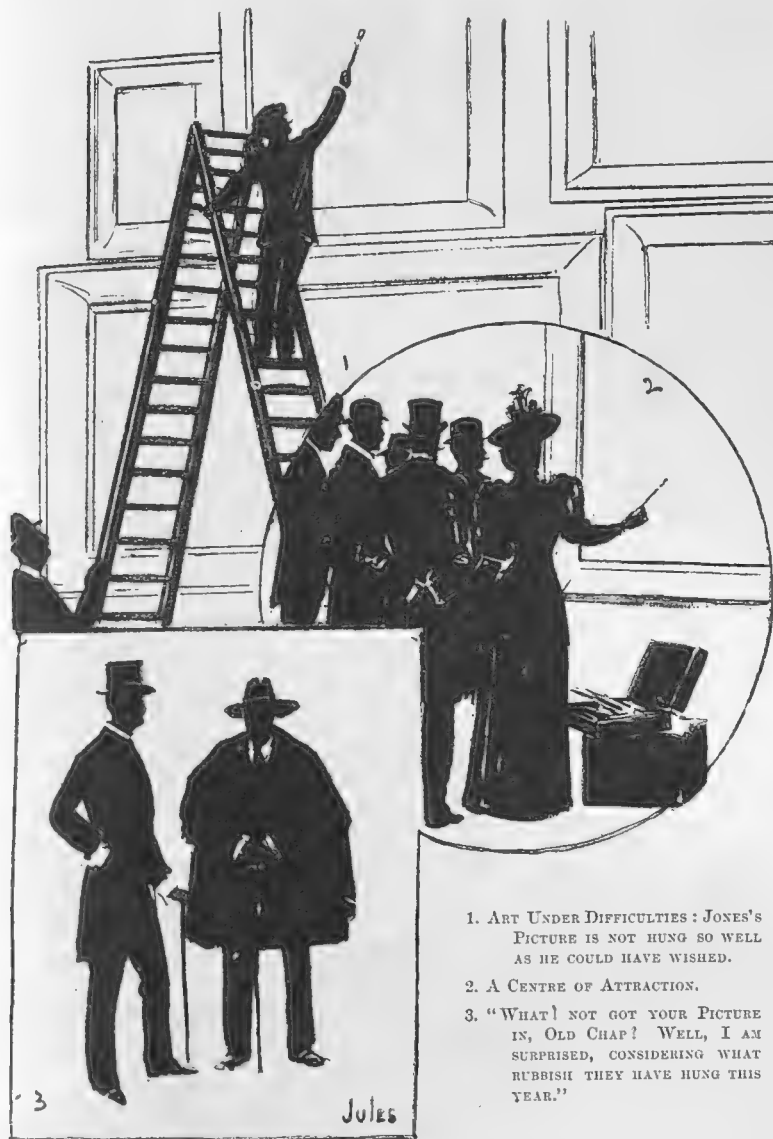
IRISH MODEL: "Would ye moind telling me, Sorr, who was the greatest arrrtist iver born—av course, prisent company always excepted?"

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VARNISHING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Of all the events of the year, that of Varnishing Day at the Royal Academy is, perhaps, the most interesting to the artistic world. Possibly this may be somewhat due to the jealousy with which the portals are guarded, for none but those who are armed with the well-known varnishing ticket are admitted within the sacred precincts. As a matter of fact, little varnishing is ever done, but the occasion forms an opportunity for a little reunion between artists who may possibly never chance to meet on any other occasion. Without having the importance which the *vernissage* at the Paris Salon—where Varnishing Day has become, as ordinary visitors are also admitted, practically a society function, and means the coming together of artist and art patron—nevertheless, it possesses an absolutely unrivalled interest to the artist generally and the newcomer in particular, for whom the first reception of the varnishing ticket is a point in his career, the pleasurable



1. ART UNDER DIFFICULTIES: JONES'S PICTURE IS NOT HUNG SO WELL AS HE COULD HAVE WISHED.
2. A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.
3. "WHAT! NOT GOT YOUR PICTURE IN, OLD CHAP? WELL, I AM SURPRISED, CONSIDERING WHAT RUBBISH THEY HAVE HUNG THIS YEAR."

sensations of which nothing is ever likely to rival, and though in after years one gets more case-hardened to these emotions, yet even with the most successful the arrival of the ticket brings with it, even if in a lesser degree, a return of one's earlier emotions, when as a struggling and unknown artist every step seemed to bring one nearer one's Ultima Thule.

The ticket specifies that "Mr. So-and-So is invited to inspect such of his works as have been accepted for exhibition," on such and such a date, and that "the galleries will be opened between the hours of nine and seven." It is only in the case of an absolute novice that the hour of nine can be supposed to have any meaning, for old stagers, as a rule, do not trouble to get up any earlier than they usually do, and it is not before half-past ten that the galleries begin to fill in any way.

It is, indeed, a motley crowd which is seen entering the gates of Burlington House, for the artists, improving as they are in appearance year after year, yet usually bear to some extent an impress of their calling. True, long hair, velvet coats, and short pipes smoked in the streets are things of the past, and remain only with a few of the older denizens of the artistic haunts in and about Fitzroy Square. The modern painters of the Kensington and St. John's Wood type are rapidly becoming mere every-day mortals; in fact, to the writer's knowledge, a certain successful portrait painter was the other day mistaken for a stockbroker, which, if it does not prove the degeneration of the artist, goes to show that fine art and a bad personal appearance are by no means necessarily allied.

Once within, everything is discovered in a state of chaos; the whole place, in fact, presents the appearance of a house which has been closed for the season. Carpets are rolled up, settees are disguised beyond

recognition, for Mr. and Mrs. British Public are yet to come, and the Academy officials make no compliments for such folk as the artists who have only painted the exhibits. This really means that they can make as much mess as they like, and artists are not particular. A little paint on the floor, more or less, makes little difference to them.

After having exhibited the varnishing card, it is exchanged for the ordinary ticket, which entitles to admission all through the season, and one makes one's way upstairs into the galleries. Of course, it goes without saying that until one has discovered where one's own little "gem" is placed the other works for the moment do not exist. The number has been ascertained on consulting the proof-sheet of the catalogue down below, so there is no difficulty in making for the gallery where it may be found; but then comes the greatest trial of all, even for the most hardened artistic nerve. Is the picture on the line or not?—the "or not" meaning, of course, anywhere above it, as far up as the roof or ceiling itself. If one has had any luck, and the "line" is one's reward, everything is *couleur de rose*, and it is discovered that it is the finest exhibition one has ever seen, while it is generally found necessary to give a few finishing touches to one's picture—touches which, in many cases, would probably have been better left out—but which afford the looker-on an opportunity of observing what manner of man the artist is who has painted this mighty work. It is, indeed, flattering to have a little crowd around one on a day like this, when all one's admirers, or otherwise, are artists, and many of them men of note. If, on the other hand, one's picture is, so to speak, out of reach, then things begin to assume a more gloomy aspect, the gloom of which deepens in proportion to the height of one's picture from the ground. If "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," how uneasily, indeed, must lie the heads of the gentlemen who form the hanging committee—gentlemen who must know too well what pleasant remarks have been made about them on this auspicious day!

The morning is now advancing, and the crowd is increasing. Friends are meeting on all sides; acquaintances some time forgotten are renewed; everyone seems greeting somebody else, and on all sides one hears such remarks as, "Let me congratulate you, my dear fellow, on your picture. It is the best thing you have ever done," &c. How sincerely such utterances are made is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but it costs so little to say nice things on a day like this, particularly if one's own picture happens to be on the line. Even those who are unfortunate enough to have their works hung right up aloft end by becoming imbued with the spirit of cheery benevolence which everywhere seems to prevail, and finally, perhaps, decide to climb up one of the long ladders on wheels provided for those who desire to varnish their "skied" productions, and, gaining courage from their first ascent, have actually developed sufficient nerve to overcome their disgust, and soon are busy, with paint-brush in hand, giving touches which they think will improve their works when seen, if seen they possibly can be, from lower altitudes. Still, it does not take long to put the finishing touches to work which was in many cases more than finished before it went in, so that, once this task is accomplished, an exploration is made of the surrounding galleries. Already knots of enthusiasts or otherwise are criticising the principal pictures, and before Varnishing Day is three hours old the pictures of the year have already, so to speak, come to the front. There is by this time a very large proportion of the fairer sex, and it is refreshing to behold that the majority of them are garbed in the ordinary attire of civilisation, and have discarded the hideous quasi-artistic garb which not long ago was considered by so-called "aesthetics" the only apparel in which the genuinely artistic of the feminine gender could be attired. With the advent of the pretty faces and charming gowns the scene assumes quite a festive appearance, which is strangely in contrast to the unfinished state of the galleries.

It is now approaching the hour for lunch, and though in London there is, unfortunately, no equivalent for the delightfully *al fresco* restaurant of Ledoyen, on the Champs Elysées, in Paris, where *déjeuner* on Varnishing Day, with its "*truite saumonée*," "*sauce verte*," and "*asperges en branches*," still, the luncheons are not entirely to be despised which can be obtained within easy distance of the Academy, and various parties are soon made up for the purpose of adjourning to the Café Royal or the Monico, a sure sign—is it not?—of the degeneration of the modern artist, for the artist of forty years ago would most probably have been content with the humble sausage and mashed, or bread and cheese, with a glass of ale, to be obtained at some neighbouring "pub."

To many who have hardly dared to anticipate this day, and to whom the successful result of their year's labour is at length so far assured, the pleasant moments thus spent must, indeed, come as a solatium for the long and anxious hours which have gone before; while all alike, under the influence of genial companionship, forget for the time to inveigh against the injustice of the hanging committee, and abandon themselves to the pleasure of the moment, and the unlucky ones begin to realise that everyone's pictures cannot be placed upon the line, and conclude, as far as possible, to make the best of it, and to hope for a better place next year.

J. M. P.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



In the Sculpture room

Young
and
literary



A glimpse at Sarah Bernhardt.

The latest
style

R. R. Quezgne

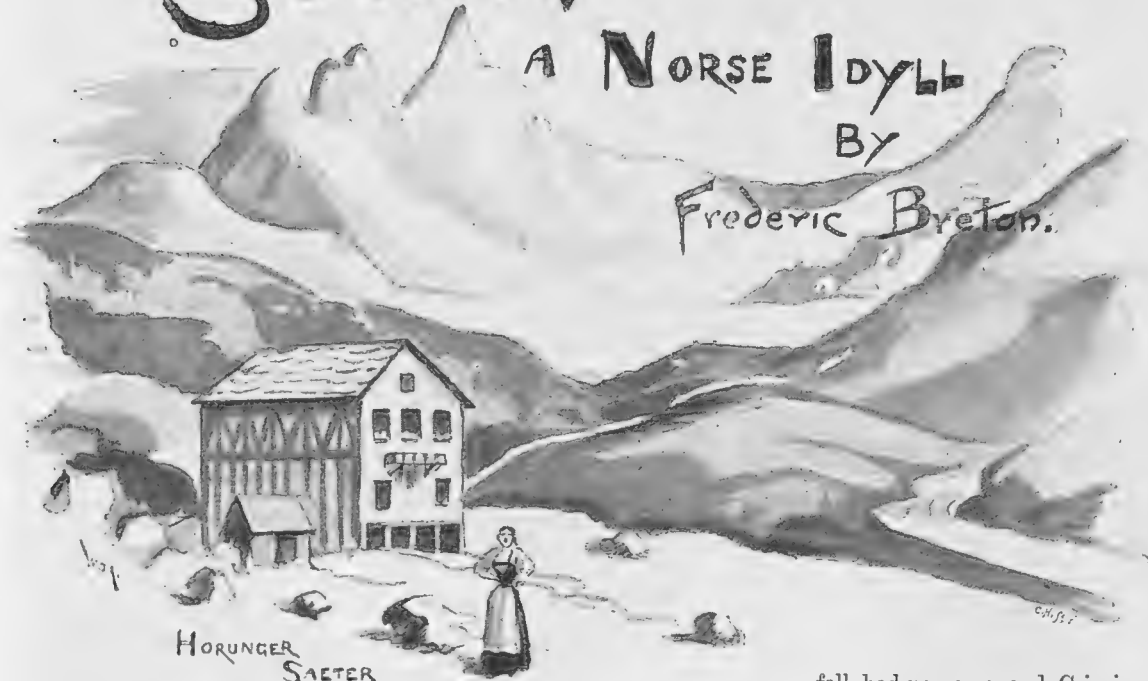
A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

SUNNIVA

A NORSE IDYLL

By

Frederic Breton.



HORUNGER
SAETER
(From a Sketch by the Author)

Two eyes of brown I lately saw,
In them my home and my heaven lie.

Crispin de Wint sang this little song of Grieg's to himself as he stood at the door of the *saeter* and watched the mist sweeping up from the Fortundal and the distant Sogne Fjord. In the few weeks which he had spent in Norway he had acquired a perfect infatuation for everything Norse, from *fladbrod* and *syllte-toi* to the music of Grieg and the dramas of Ibsen. He flattered himself that he was the hero of an idyllic Norse drama at this very time when he was singing of the witchery of a pair of dark brown eyes. He had crossed the fjeld from Rodsheim, in the Jotunheim, and was on his way to the Sogne Fjord to join a family party from England, among whom were his mother and the girl to whom he was engaged, Miss Ida Beauchamp, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Beauchamp, Q.C., M.P. But it was a long trudge from Jotunheim to the Sogne Fjord, and Crispin de Wint was ever the slave of his environment. So, when he reached the *saeter*, or Alpine Club hut, that stands over against the snowy, serrated ridge of the Horunger Tindene—when he saw the magnificent prospect of iron peaks and silver snowfields set with emerald glaciers—most of all, when he met the Norse maiden with two brown eyes, whose name was Sunniva—what was more natural than that he should rest for a few days before continuing his walk to Skjolden, whence the steamer would take him back to the English surroundings which it was his fancy to forget?

The *saeter* was situated 4000 feet above sea-level, and its occupants might reasonably be supposed to be above ordinary sublunary considerations. Crispin de Wint certainly was, and he made such love to Sunniva as he could in the few words of Norse at his command, without casting a thought to the girl waiting for his return to the lower world beyond the mountains.

It was a very simple love affair, a charming little pastoral by the wayside of the perplexities of modern civilised life. It began with a laugh, and neither ever thought it might end with a tear. It began when Crispin ate his first meal at the *saeter*, and struggled with his limited Norse vocabulary to find the word for jam. In the end he tried to express himself in the primitive language of signs. The maiden watched his pantomime very demurely, and made praiseworthy efforts to comprehend him, bringing him in succession mustard, salt, sugar, and finally a piece of soap. On seeing the latter article, Crispin could not help laughing outright, especially when Sunniva gravely offered it with the usual courteous "*Ver så god*" ("Be so good"). The laughter was infectious, and the girl's deep eyes twinkled with merriment, while her lips disclosed a flash of little pearly teeth.

Later in the same meal Sunniva did bring a plate of cloudberry jam, and Crispin told her that that was what he had been trying to ask for, only he had forgotten the name. "*Ja! ja! Syllte-toi!*" said Sunniva, laughing, and Crispin felt that she enriched something more than his vocabulary.

It being so early in the year, De Wint was the only visitor at the club hut, and the proprietor, Nielsen Oine, was too busily occupied in preparing for the coming tourist season to pay much attention to the familiar relations that soon developed between Crispin and Sunniva. De Wint asked Oine when he first came whether the girl was his sister, but the young man replied rather scornfully in German, which was the medium of communication between him and his visitor: "*Nein! Sie ist mein Dienstmädchen.*"

The stress laid by Oine upon Sunniva's state of servitude made Crispin conscious of some resentment on her behalf, and he was the more attentive to her in consequence. He had no idea of harm, and never thought of what feelings might be aroused in the simple maiden's breast by the courtesy and considerateness of manner which girls in his own "set" required of him as a duty to their sex. If her manner acquired a certain bashfulness of admiration, and if her eyes followed him wistfully when he strode away for a climb up to Skagastolstind Glacier or Fanaraaken, the little evidences of tenderness merely heightened the exquisiteness of the Scandinavian idyll.

Opposite the *saeter* a foaming torrent carried the melted snows of the Horunger peaks to the low-lying lands of the Fortun Valley, 4000 feet below. A mile distant from the hut, the water hung, a beard of foam, from the nether lip of a narrow mouth of rock. The

fall had no name, and Crispin christened it the Sunniva Fos. It was only a freak of idle fancy; but the girl blushed and turned away her head when he told her.

On Midsummer Day, when Crispin had been nearly a fortnight at the *saeter*, it happened that Oine had to go down to Fortun to meet a party of tourists, whom he expected to come up to the mountain hut. De Wint frowned when he heard that his monarchy over the Horunger Saeter and over Sunniva was to be disputed by new-comers. They were sure to be odious tourists, fussy and faddist, and quite incapable of really appreciating the primitive nature-life of the fjelds. Their arrival would



Bringing him in succession mustard, salt, sugar, and finally a piece of soap.

mean the end of Crispin's idyll, however, and he determined to make the most of the one day of freedom that was left him. To be sure, Sunniva most unaccountably failed him in the morning, and, under plea of getting the rooms ready for the expected visitors, absolutely refused to accompany him up to the view-point known as Oskar's Haug. He was thus reduced to the companionship of his pipe and the snow mountains; but in the

afternoon the girl had no excuse to offer, and, though with evident shrinking, she obeyed the command that he laid upon her to go with him to the Sunniva Fos. She hesitated at first, but that only afforded Crispin the pleasure of persuading her in a seductive mixture of foreign English and English Norse, which made them both laugh. The laugh decided the matter, and they went. Crispin felt a very boy as he ran down the hill and sprang over boulders and marshy places in sheer youthfulness. It did not occur to him that the girl at his side might feel a very woman.

They wove themselves chains and garlands of fairy-like Alpine flowers, and fared on berries and some milk, which Sunniva brought from the *saeter*.

As the sun began to sink towards the distant Jostedal Glacier, they sat on the rustic bridge spanning the gorge above the Sunniva Fos. It was, perhaps, a damp resting-place, being for ever wrapped in the smoke rising from the torrent. But the wreaths of spray shone iridescent in the slanting sun-rays, and formed a brilliant aureole, well suited to so impalpable a creation of fancy as an idyll. They turned their backs to the thunderous gorge, where the water flashed like a sheeted spectre



He ought to have drawn away when the girl leaned back against his arm.

in the gloom, and lifted their faces to the breeze blowing down from the great triple peak of Skagastolind, a mighty monument of sheer rock, swathed in snow and glaciers. The sunlight shimmered on the crystalline torrent and the boulders that broke its course, and lay in broad, warm-hued stretches on the brown hillside. In the marvellous purity of the mountain air every scar and discoloration of the peaks was distinctly visible. The tinkle of some distant goat-bells high up on the shoulders of the Horunger peaks was audible above the chiming of the water.

Crispin, a creature of his environment, sang a Norse song to Sunniva, the very ditty quoted before—

Two eyes of brown I lately saw,
In them my home and my heaven lie.

The girl could not but understand the allusion, and Crispin, catching sight of the profile of her half-averted cheek, was reminded of the pink sunset light that lingered all through the brief hours of a Norwegian night on the snow-clad summits of the hills. He moved nearer Sunniva's side and his arm stole round her waist. Then he whispered softly words which might have been only a quotation from another Norse song of Andersen, set to music by Grieg—"Jeg elsker Dig" ("I love thee"). But if it was a mere quotation he ought to have drawn away when the girl leaned back against his arm and lifted her face to his, with lips half parted in sweet expectancy. As it was, he was just bending his own face to hers when he heard his name called, and, looking up, saw an English girl in a tweed costume standing on the bank of the stream.

"What, Ida!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. "How did you come here?"

"Well, you didn't seem to be in a hurry to come to us, and we were told we should have no difficulty in getting up to Horunger Sæter,

where we were sure to meet you as you came over from the Jotunheim. So we came on by steamer to Skjolden, and—well, here we are! That guide, Oine, spied you from the road, and mother sent me down to surprise you. It seems to have been a surprise indeed. Who's that girl?"

"Sunniva, the girl at the *saeter*."

"Ah! Well, I suppose you'll come on and join us when you've finished talking to her?"

But Sunniva had read Miss Beauchamp's face, though she did not understand what she said, and was off like a mountain hare to reach the *saeter* before the rest of the party. Ida shrugged her shoulders, and De Wint walked back with her to the road, looking rather crestfallen.

That night Oine read his *Dienstmädchen* a crude lecture on the impropriety of her conduct, and told her that the young English lady was Herr de Wint's betrothed. Sunniva made no reply; but next morning she was missing, and Oine had to get another girl—a stout and plain one—from Fortun to help him.

Ida Beauchamp had a rather stormy interview with Crispin, and reproached him for his folly; but she was a sensible girl, and with the good offices of Mrs. De Wint peace was restored between the lovers. Crispin had only been too impulsive and impressionable, a common fault of ingenuous youth, which time would cure. As for Sunniva, Oine said that she had returned home; but Crispin shivered as he passed the Sunniva Fos on his way back to the Sogne Fjord. He almost forgot the incident in time; but he never sings "Two eyes of brown" now.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Missing
Englishmen.*

Mr. Clements Markham, President of the Geographical Society, is appealing for funds to provide a relief expedition to Ellesmere Land, north of Baffin's Bay. Two Englishmen are with the Swedes who left for that country in 1892. They may be alive or dead; this the relief party would find out. I believe many persons say or think that this is a Government question; but who that knows anything of Government ways will suppose for a moment that it will be done by them? Governments move too deliberately for that. Others dismiss the question with the remark that, as the Björling Expedition was ill-equipped and rashly undertaken, it deserves to be left to its fate. I cannot share this feeling. Björling was a fine young fellow, who had done already, before he was twenty-one, more than one noteworthy feat in exploration. His story appeals to me as a sportsman, and I am sure I am not alone in this.

*Musk Oxen and
the Knot's Egg.*

Now, I wonder why some adventurous sportsman or naturalist does not start at once. Ellesmere Land is the home of the musk ox. It is known to the Eskimos as Musk Ox Land. The curious animal, as, no doubt, everyone knows, is a connecting link between the oxen and the sheep. It is entirely an Arctic creature. Found on the Barren Lands, in Grinnell Land, on certain parts of Greenland, it is probably distributed farther north than any other large terrestrial mammal, if we except the Polar bear. Not a single specimen has ever been brought alive to this country. The Zoological Society has offered a large reward for the first musk ox brought over. I don't fancy it would be difficult to catch one. The animals in those remote districts are very tame. It is even on record that on one occasion a sailor got sufficiently near to a musk ox to kill it with his knife. The lasso, the bolas, the net, these are obvious means for taking them. And there also, doubtless, breeds the knot, the bird whose young ones were found in Grinnell Land by Feilden, naturalist to the Alert. Who has seen the knot's egg yet? No one, unless, perchance, a wandering Eskimo. Here is glory indeed for some adventurous naturalist.

Salmon Nets.

I should be very much obliged if any reader could tell me out of his experience whether it is possible to take salmon in the tideway of a river by means of loose nets—a seine, for instance. I believe the usual method of taking salmon is in fixed or "stake" nets; but can you catch salmon at sea by any method from a boat as you go along? I know nothing about it. It is quite possible that I may find myself this summer in Arctic waters, where salmon abound and where no one catches them, and they would be very valuable as a form of food. I believe that in extreme northern rivers they will not look at a fly, but I suspect a silvery minnow would tempt them, and mean to try it.

Gaffing Kells.

This is a question that deserves the consideration of all good sportsmen. We have all been brought up to suppose that the only way in which to land a salmon is with the gaff. I don't believe this, to begin with; but whether or not, there is absolutely no excuse for gaffing a kelt. It is done wholesale, and every year hundreds of poor fish are returned to the water wounded by this horrible implement. If a kelt is worth preserving—and it is—then let it off with all, not half, its life. A very little manœuvring will enable a fisherman to get out his kelt by the tail. A few minutes, more or less, may be lost in the process; but what of that? At the same time, I quite feel that there is room for an invention that would take out a fish without hurting him. A sort of sugar-tongs which would lift him gently behind the gills might do, only it must be portable.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XVIII.—MR. LE SAGE AND THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

If you turn into the office from Fleet Street, and, after looking at the lofty hall set round with marble columns, wander apparently through acres of warehouses and machine-rooms, and then learn that the *Daily Telegraph* was born but thirty-nine years ago, and at first seemed stillborn, it is St. Paul's Cathedral to a whitewashed little Bethel that you make some second-hand philosophic remark about the mutability of human fortune and the power of the Press. As I strolled about with Mr. Le Sage, the acting manager-editor, the vastness of everything nearly took my breath away.

"We have lately spent £100,000 on this rebuilding, &c.," he remarked, as if he were speaking of sixpence. "You know, the old warehouses would not bear the weight of the paper stored in them. You see those new machines—yes, there's one not covered up—there are eight of them: Hoe machines, made in America. They cost £7000 each. You put in your paper by the league; the machine will print, fold, cut, and paste as many as 24,000 papers of eight, ten, or twelve pages in the hour; 20,000 is the average, or 160,000 for the eight machines."

The figures reminded me of the fact that the "*D.T.*," as the irreverent call it, professes to have the largest circulation in the world.

"No; we do not use type-setting machines yet, but I believe that we shall do so very soon. During the last few months we have made several interesting experiments with a most promising result. Machinery is a hobby of mine, and also of Sir Edward Lawson. I welcome every help to us in our nightly race against the clock. Many's the desperate race I've run for the paper against *Father Time*, and won, too. Yes; it's fire-proof so far as science can make it safe against the devouring element."

"But suppose," I began maliciously.

"Suppose this were burnt down? Well, we have duplicate machinery and arrangements for producing the paper which we could use if these were destroyed."

"Yes, and a leader with learned references to all the famous fires that have occurred in the history of the world, followed by a correspondence and—"

"I saw some fierce fires in Paris during the Commune," said Mr. Le Sage, "when those she-devil *pétroleuses* were at work. I was there when the Archbishop of Paris was shot, and I went to his funeral. I witnessed a curious

fire, too, for I went into Notre Dame, and found chairs and tables piled round the pulpit and set on fire. I broke off a piece of carved woodwork, and keep it to this day as a memento. I had one comical experience: I was one day in the *Place Vendôme*, chatting with a Communist general—very civil fellows I found all the Communists, if you treated them politely—and asked him if his men fought well. 'Come and see,' he said; 'I'll get up a fight.' So off we went to the *Porte Maillot*, where we soon had a smart skirmish. The commandant of the battalion was shot dead; I went out and brought in his body under fire, and they gave me an 'order of good citizenship.'"

"I suppose you've got it still?"

"Yes; but if the Versailles troops had found me with it—"

"I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you looking fresh and vigorous and wonderfully young for a man who has been a full-blown journalist for more than thirty-five years."

While chatting, we had gone up to the reception-room, on the first floor, a handsome chamber, that reminded me of the board-room of an insurance office that I used to visit officially in my solicitor days.

"Yes, that's a portrait of Mr. Levy, who bought the paper from Colonel Sleigh as the *Telegraph and Courier*. The money received for advertisements the first day it was taken was seven-and-sixpence—at least, so the story goes; it also says that he bought the paper for £500. People suggest that he looks like Lord Beaconsfield; like him, he certainly had the gift for choosing the right man for a post. This has

been one great secret of the paper's success. Why, look at the men we have now: Sir Edwin Arnold, G. A. Sala, the Hon. F. Lawley—they were chosen by him—Clement Scott, our dramatic critic—"

"They say, I know, that his notices have more weight than those of all the rest of us put together."

"Then Joseph Bennett, our musical critic; H. D. Traill; Bennet Burleigh, our war correspondent; Campbell Clarke, who is responsible for '*Paris Day by Day*'; Beatty Kingston; Rendle, chief of the Parliamentary staff; W. L. Courtney, and others not unknown to fame."

"Mr. Sala has been on the paper longer than I, and it is not necessary for me to tell you what a position he has in the journalistic world. For particulars about him you might look in '*Men of the Time*,' or find elsewhere almost countless biographies of 'G. A. S.,' who is learned and can write entertainingly about almost every subject of human or inhuman knowledge. His work almost signs itself. Another of our elder brethren is Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet, who, despite his poetic gifts, does many of our political leaders. He is another of our staff whose personal history is really a household word. It's a good staff, and so strong that two-thirds of it is really reserve force, but always at beck and call."

"You've forgotten Mr. Le Sage. Do tell me something about yourself."

"Well, I'm—what shall I call myself?—acting manager-editor? Sir Edward Lawson is editor, and a thoroughly practical man he is; there is no department that he does not know thoroughly. I began work as a country journalist, and was on the *Western Morning News* thirty-one years ago, when Mr. Levy invited me to come on the *Telegraph*. No; I'm quite English. However, the family is old Huguenot. I don't think we can claim descent from the author of '*Gil Blas*.'"

No one could seem more English than the blue-eyed, open-faced, military-looking man, with brown moustache and slightly grizzled hair.

"I began by acting as a sort of general utility man, did all kinds of Parliamentary work, &c. Foreign work, too. By-the-by, to give you an idea of the sufferings of the Parisians during the siege, I can tell you a tale. A friend of mine asked me to call and see an English lady and her two daughters, which I did the second day after it was over. I asked if I could do them any service, and they begged me to get them some meat. I went back to Versailles and got them a leg of mutton. Those ladies for their Christmas dinner had had one sardine! Daily the daughters had to go at four in the morning to the Mairie and wait for hours in the crowd to get a paltry ration. I saw the Germans march in down the Champs Elysées. We were all excited, wondering whether some

mad Frenchman would fire on them. I got a great pull over the other correspondents by telegraphing via Boulogne instead of Calais—they used to suggest that our news was bogus. On the marching-in day I was rather fortunate. The *Times* had its special train to Calais and special boat, but, thinking it out, I got a special to Lille—cost me £78. I was thus able to stay in Paris one hour longer than Dr. Russell, but got to Lille by 10.30, and wired my copy in time to bring out a special at midnight, containing later news than the other papers had in the morning."

"You managed the first account of the discovery of Livingstone, did you not?"

"Yes; I met Stanley at Marseilles, had a long talk, and wired off seven columns. I think the Marseilles telegraph man thought me mad when I offered him £200 on account of the message he was to wire. In my early days we did not, of course, work the wires in that lavish way. If it won't take up too much space, I'll give you an illustration."

"Go ahead, Mr. Le Sage, *The Sketch* has plenty of columns."

"Well, in 1865 there was a General Election, and I had to go to Tiverton to report what was expected to be a very important speech by Lord Palmerston. Shortly after my arrival at the hotel, a servant came into the room and asked if I belonged to the London Press, and said that Lord Palmerston was upstairs and would be obliged if I would go up and see him. I found him seated at a small table with a couple of candles reading some magazine. 'I understand you have come from

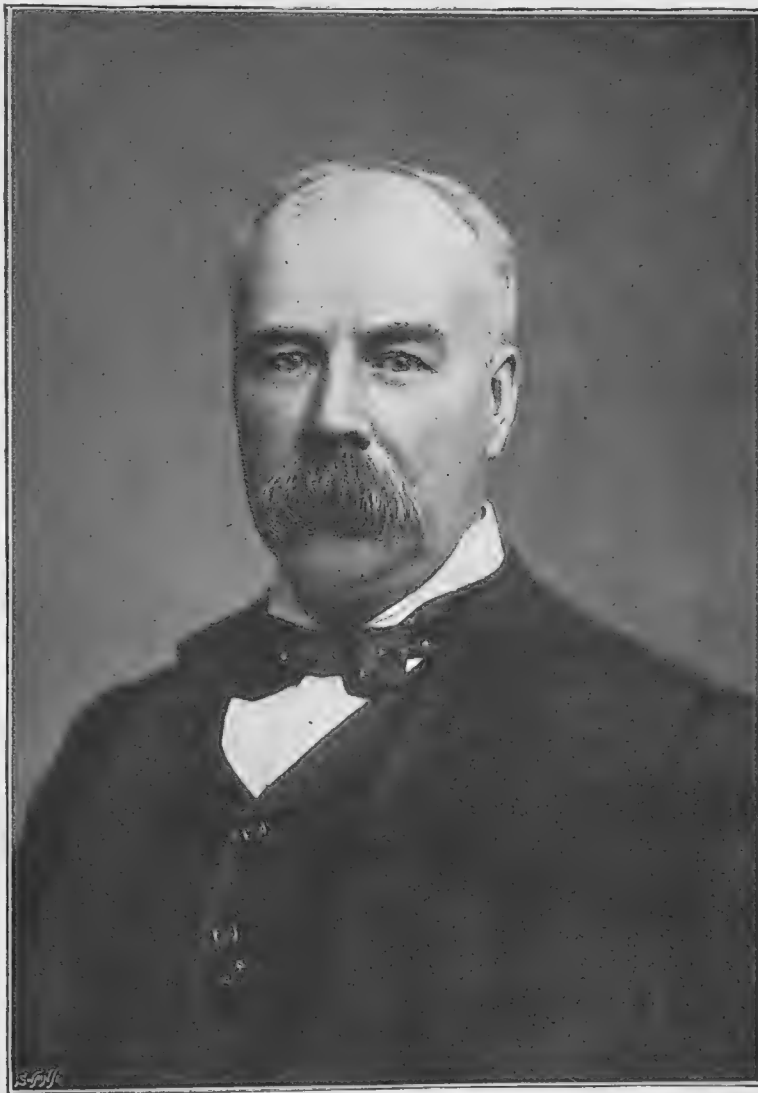


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. LE SAGE.

London this morning?" he said. "Have you heard at all how the elections are going?" and he particularly mentioned Westminster. John Stuart Mill was then standing for that constituency, and we were all much interested in the election. I gave him the latest results of the polling. He thanked me heartily, and said that although he was Premier no one thought it necessary to send him any information as to the state of affairs. He then asked if there was any little thing he could do for me, and I said that if he could conclude his speech in time to enable me to catch the up train to Paddington it would be a very great favour indeed. His answer was practical: "I can't guarantee the moment at which I shall finish, because I am not the first of the two speakers; but have your luggage at the station, pay your bill in advance, and then you will simply have to dash to the station at the last moment." As a matter of fact, he did finish in time, and I and others caught the train to London. We were quite surprised at the *Times* telegraphing the speech; that was thought an extraordinary instance of enterprise. During one of my visits to Rome I had the honour of being accorded a special interview by Pius IX. I had just attended a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, and had gone on to Rome. The Pope was particularly interested, I recollect, in my account of the pilgrimage. I don't know whether it is of the slightest interest, but when I was on a special mission to Constantinople I had the order of the Medjidie conferred on me by the Sultan himself, and I am also a Deputy-Lieutenant of the City of London."

I tried to find out from him whether he had any definite idea as to the cause of the "*D.T.'s*" success.

"It's hard to say. Choice of the best men and enterprise seem the answer. Promptitude, too. Why, Sir Edward Lawson—then merely "Mr."—and his father settled in less than ten minutes to send Stanley across Africa. We wired off to the *New York Herald* to see whether they would share his services with us. Next day we were buying his outfit. It cost us £17,000, that expedition, though it was only to be £5000. No, we don't do the night editing here; it's up this way. Come along!"

We went up to the second floor, and found a large hall with columns round it supporting a gallery. On the walls "Silence," a quaint motto for the birthplace of a paper that talks daily to millions. The copy is sent down to the composing-room by a pneumatic tube: time is too precious for it to be taken by hand. Yet I could well believe that, though not a second is wasted, there is no rush. Everything gives one the idea that the huge Hoe machine which works with such fearful rapidity, yet smoothly, is a true type of the office itself. The labours of Mr. Le Sage seem pretty heavy, for he comes down in the morning at 10.45 and stays till two, then back again at 8.30, and remains late enough to see that the mighty paper is fully under way and no difficult questions are likely to arise. I was not surprised to learn that Mr. Le Sage spends his holidays abroad in taking a cure. Faddists will be interested to learn that he smokes, is not a teetotaler, and eats whatever pleases his fancy.

"Do you like the London work better than travelling?" I asked.

"How can I tell? I had some splendid times in the old days. Plenty of excitement, too, particularly when bullets were whistling around me. How does one feel under fire? Sick for the first half-hour, and then unmoved, indifferent, till the sight of the men struck down on all sides brings up a feeling of revenge. Was the late Emperor of the French brave under fire? I never saw him on the field. I have had chats with him. In fact, when I was going to the Berlin meeting of the Emperors, I managed to get an interview with him, and asked him to coach me up as to political information. He was very nice about it, though he grimly observed that he was no longer an authority on the subject. Yes; I suppose, if there were any very big affair on the Continent, I should want to go."

I think a good many of us would like to go, if we had the honour of representing such a newspaper.

MONOCLE.

A TALK WITH SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

According to all respectable tradition, a poet should be sought in an eyrie of endless stairs and uncomfortable ascent, from whose lofty heights he drops the Pætolus shower of great imaginings on mankind. But with a standing feud against that dogmatic ascent of tradition. I felt glad that the poet I had lately been seeking contented himself with a handsome flat in South Kensington, which had nothing of the astronomer's tower, and was distinctly first-floor in quality. The interviewer, commonly supposed to be a mixture of brass and rhinoceros hide, is in reality often a prey to quakes and other feebleness of fear when he knocks at the hall-door of celebrity. But no need exists for these doubts and demisemiquavers in the kindly presence of Sir Edwin Arnold. I purposely avoid calling his suave and gentle way of receiving one "a manner," knowing it to be but the surface-ripple of a very well-spring of true and generous humanity.

"Always in harness, Sir Edwin?" I put forth, as "The Light of Asia" rose from a desk flowing over with the papery whiteness of mental milk and honey. "And what, may one be allowed to ask, is it now?"

"I am going to make Hafiz speak in English verse," he answered. "This"—laying his hand lightly on a pile of closely-written manuscript—"represents my setting of some Eastern jewels."

"A packet of Persian lore which has never been rendered into English verse before, I suppose?"

"Never satisfactorily; and it is, therefore, my wish to popularise the wisdom of the ancient optimist."

"Ah! talking of optimism, Sir Edwin, you were great on the subject at Birmingham lately. May I venture to ask if this doctrine of hopefulness is really a creed and a satisfying one to you?"

"Assuredly," cried Sir Edwin, with a ring of enthusiasm in his fine voice. "If we must live, let us at least live as happily as we can and in unison. 'Peace and goodwill' is the optimist's creed, be he Christian, Mussulman, Buddhist, or what. 'God's music will not finish with one tune.' I advocate a hopeful creed. I want others to look cheerily, or, at least, courageously, on life, too, and that is largely why I render these ghazals (odes) into English."

"You believe in hard work, I know."

"Just as much as I believe in change of work. I made that book-case last week," pointing to a most respectable specimen of carpentry which stood in a corner of the room. "Books accumulate, so I built them a habitation and gave myself a holiday together."

"Do you work in this room, then?"

"I work anywhere. Sanctums devoted only to pen and ink or books of reference I have never had, and, indeed, of the best things I have



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Photo by Farony, New York.

written many were jotted down here, there, and in that anywhere which family life makes possible."

"Is the wandering instinct quite dead, Sir Edwin?"

"No, no; but I make no plans. Japan, I think, I shall never see again; but India tempts me always. Meanwhile, this busy, varied life we lead in London is full of fascination equally for the bee as the butterfly."

"You feel that?" I asked again. "I know some bees who think the honey too hardly sought."

"Tell them to hope and work, then; everything comes right if these go before."

"You are delightfully, incorrigibly cheerful, Sir Edwin."

"Since, at this last," he answered, smiling, "I believe with this far-seeing Hafiz, 'When the bells ring to unload the camels, by Allah! 'twill all be well.'"

"Finely put. And now let me thank you. Your time is very precious, and—"

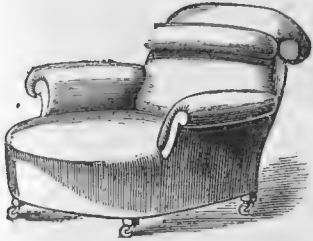
"Ah, but don't you know," put in Sir Edwin, with a half-twinkle in his eye, "that fame, as Chauncey Depew once said to me, depends on being civil to interviewers?"

c.

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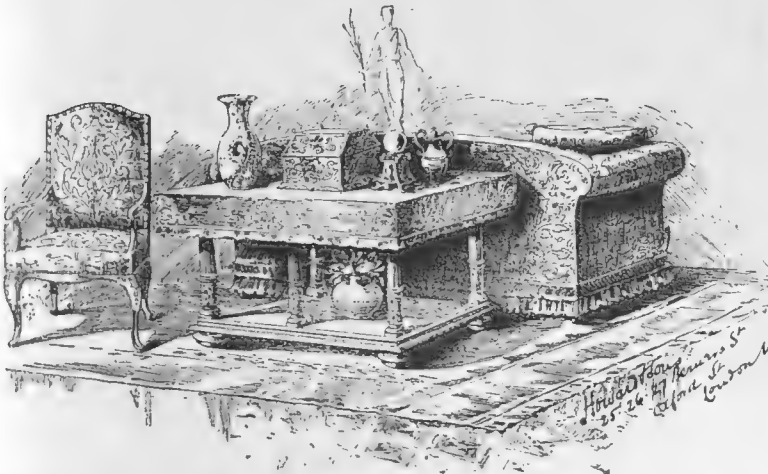
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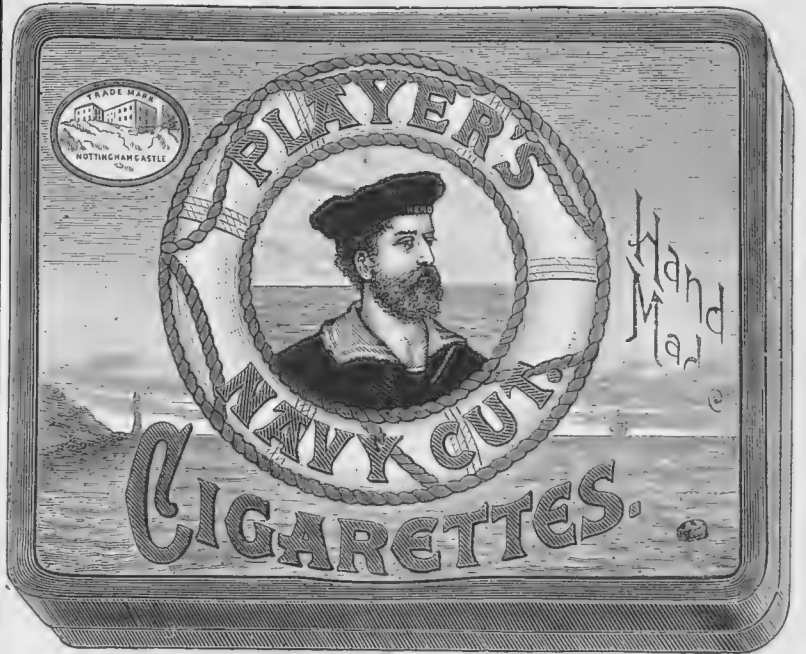
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SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruets, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome. The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods; but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has of course never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists', for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price

of which is only sixpence. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.

The following are a few Extracts from other Journals:

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

"It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. It does not follow that a person needs to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height, so should his weight correspond, and this standard has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and, as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simply wonderful. It is marvellous how this 'Pasteur' and 'Koch' of English discoverers can actually reduce so much as fourteen pounds in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book only costs 6d., and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading."—*Southport Visitor*.

HOW TO REDUCE OBESITY.

"The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The 'recipe,' with pamphlet, can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, 6d."—*Penny Illustrated Paper*.

DRINK AND CORPULENCY.

"Dr. Lorenzen, the Erlangen physician, has been writing on the subject of the influence of liquids on corpulency. He made an experiment upon himself. For a space of four years he drank over two gallons daily, and for a further five years the quantity ranged from about half. In this way he succeeded in increasing his weight by five-and-a-half stones, and he became corpulent. On discontinuing the liquids, he lost one stone in a week, and the difficulties attending respiration ceased. He endeavours to explain on the hypothesis that the cells whose province it is to decompose albumen, when a large quantity of fluid is taken, expend part of their energy in the combustion of fat. The fat they consume is replaced by fat from the tissues. All this seems to us to be superfluous if intended to be of use to those who are suffering from obesity, for it simply proves that if one gives up their drink there is hope for them, but not otherwise. This is rather behind the times, for under the treatment of our English specialist, Mr. Russell, he permits his followers to drink as much as they choose, and yet reduces them in weight as fast as the figures given by Dr. Lorenzen. Mr. Russell's reduction is achieved by a clever concoction of mallows and other field herbs of the simplest nature, which has to be taken three times a day for a certain period. It is extremely pleasant to the palate, tasting like a sort of lemonade, and upon the prescribed quantity as much as 4lb. in severe cases has been reduced in twenty-four hours. We recommend our readers to send six stamps to Mr. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C., who publishes a book called 'Corpulency and the Cure,' which should certainly be read by all who are victims to obesity."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

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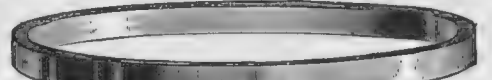
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THE TANTALLON CASTLE.

"The finest ship in the finest trade in the world." The description given with such pride by Captain Robinson, the commander of the new Currie liner, the Tantallon Castle, at a luncheon on board the splendid vessel,



SIR DONALD CURRIE.

prior to her departure for the Cape last Friday, may seem extravagant, but the facts do not tend to minimise the eulogy. It has always been the avowed aim of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. to possess a fleet of uniformly fine and fast steamers. They do not believe in the policy of possessing one crack steamer and a number of mediocrities. They think that the public interested in South Africa appreciate regularity combined with speed much more than an occasional record passage. That they are wise in their generation is apparent from their popularity and from the result of the past year's workings, submitted at the recent meeting of the Castle Mail Packets Company, Limited, when, although the Cape trade

is not all that it should be, a satisfactory state of things was reported. Having gradually improved and brought up to the highest level their existing vessels, Messrs. Donald Currie, some three years ago, built the Dunottar Castle, which has become famous in the Cape trade. At the beginning of this year they launched the Tantallon Castle, built by the well-known Fairfield Company.

The new steamer may be described as another Dunottar Castle with various up-to-date improvements. Larger than the latter vessel by 171 tons, she takes the position of flagship, being 5636 tons register. Her dimensions are as follow: Length, 456 ft. over all, and 440 ft. between perpendiculars; breadth, 50½ ft.; depth, moulded, 35 ft. The hull is built entirely of steel, and has internally a continuous cellular double bottom, divided both longitudinally and transversely into compartments.



Photo by McClure and McDonald, Glasgow.

THE TANTALLON CASTLE.

The vessel has ten vertical watertight bulkheads, which extend to the upper deck, and are spaced and constructed in accordance with the recommendations of the "Bulkhead" Committee appointed by the Board of Trade. The model of the vessel combines the qualities necessary for fast steaming and of seaworthiness, stability, and carrying capacity. The hull is, as usual with the Castle Liners, painted a light French grey,



Photo by McClure and McDonald, Glasgow.

ON DECK

relieved with white on the superstructure and by a deep red on the bottom, the whole effect presenting a graceful and yachtlike appearance. Furnished with three masts, the foremost one having yards, and with one large red-coloured funnel, all raking aft, the vessel produces a smart effect, together with an appearance of great power. Particular attention has been given to the accommodation for passengers. The vessel has lofty 'tween decks, with cabin accommodation, topgallant fore-castle, and capacious poop and bridge deck-houses, the decks of which afford a continuous promenade for about two-thirds of the vessel's length, and provide ample space for recreation. These deck-houses contain reception-rooms and sleeping accommodation for passengers, and are specially airy and commodious. The first-class dining saloon is a handsome room, extending across the full width of the ship, and will seat about 150 passengers. It is panelled in various woods, and the ceiling and capacious dome are beautifully decorated. The second-class saloon, situated forward, will accommodate about 100 passengers. The third-class quarters are still further forward, and are unusually commodious and comfortable. The first-class drawing-room and smoking-room are both large compartments, and, like the saloon, are tastefully and



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE DINING SALOON.

handsomely fitted. The ship is lighted throughout by electricity, and a complete system of refrigerating has been supplied for stores, as well as for the transport of fruit from South Africa, a trade that is rapidly developing. The engines are of 7500-horse power, and are of quadruple expansion design, with four cranks. The Tantallon Castle returns to London on June 13.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The clever American lady who is doing such good work for temperance and progress all over the world was reclining in a rocking-chair as I was shown into the study in The Cottage, Reigate, where she has so often stayed with her fellow-enthusiast, Lady Henry Somerset, but she sprang up with



Photo by Hardy, Boston, U.S.

MISS WILLARD.

characteristic energy, and, with just a sufficiency of New Hampshire accent in her pleasant voice to give it piquancy, bade me welcome. Her fine, clearly-cut features, alive with intelligence, and crowned by pretty, wavy hair, lighted up with good nature as she grasped me by the hand with kindly cordiality, and, with ready appreciation of the situation and recognition of the fact that it would be but a poor compliment to an up-to-date paper like *The Sketch* to simply plod again over well-trodden paths, turned at once to a phase of her career not hitherto touched upon to any considerable extent in this country.

"I shall not make any apology for interviewing you, Miss Willard," I remarked, "as you come from the home *par excellence* of the interviewer."

With the pleasant smile that is characteristic of her, Miss Willard responded at once to the suggestion.

"I am sure no apology is necessary. I can't understand why people should object to talk to one another. When the universal brotherhood of man, of which we hear so much but see so little in reality, comes to pass there will be no isolation. Why hedge one's self round? The more hands one can clasp the more help we can give each other. Besides, I am a good deal of a journalist myself."

"You have something to do with Lady Henry Somerset's paper, I suppose?"

"Yes, a little; but I don't refer to that only. Of course, every paper means incessant care. It gives one no more rest than a teething child. It is, like walking, one series of prevented falls. But I don't object to being kept on the alert. As Queen Elizabeth said, 'Life is a bog: if you stand still, you sink.'"

"Do I understand that you have or have had a paper of your own?"

"With my dear brother, who is dead, Oliver Willard. For his sake as well as humanity's, I love the Press. I like to think of the Press as a sky full of white wings—ah, yes! a few black ones, no doubt, while white for the most part. I have found it very helpful in my temperance work. My brother and I edited a political paper in Chicago, the *Evening Post*. We ran it on strict temperance principles, and, of course, it had not very much chance in a city with four thousand drinking saloons. After the death of Oliver, I carried it on for a time with his widow, but our principles waterlogged it, and eventually we had to give it up. It was a big thing—twelve associated editors—but we were obliged to sell it. It is now the *Chicago Daily News*, and has become a great property."

"Teetotal?"

"No. Temperance, but by no means so strongly as we were, or it would not pay as it does."

"You are still an active journalist, though, are you not?"

"Oh, yes; I edit the *Chicago Union Signal*, the organ of the White Ribbon movement all over the world. We do 90,000 a week, and our subscription list at a dollar a year is enormous. It is not a bigoted paper. I love tolerance."

"To know all is to forgive."

"Yes. Curious you should say that. A lady I know very well—one who doesn't live in a tea-cup—was once told by somebody, 'You are too kind.' 'No, it is not that I am kind at all; it is that I know!'"

"It is not, however, very often that temperance enthusiasts are so generous in their views."

"Well, for my own part, I believe so completely that many people can scarcely help being what they are that it may make me broader than some in my views of human nature. People talk of free-will, but it is only, after all, like a drop of water in a crystal. It can move, but only within the limits of its environment. In my opinion all reformers must trace back their policy to heredity if they are to do any good. We must not ride our hobby to death for want of a drink—the right sort of drink, of course."

"It is with that idea, I suppose, that the White Ribbon League attacks many other evils besides intemperance?"

"Yes; we have forty different lines which we have already taken up, and there is no reason why we should not take up eighty, if they help us to dissect out the aching alcohol nerve from the body politic."

"The work involved must be immense?"

"It is tolerably heavy, but, odd as you may think the expression, the greatest fun as well as the highest joy is to be got out of life by a variety of occupation. Just as a bee wings off from flower to flower, so we touch every phase of social life, and while it is good for the bee to gather honey its work is also food for the hive. There is nothing in the world like work. I believe in constant occupation. The mind

recoils upon itself if it is not projected on mankind, and that way madness lies. If I meet anyone who goes sighing all the day in a morbid state of mind, I tell them to coin their sighs into work, and they won't know them for sighs any longer. I always feel awfully sorry for invertebrate and melancholy people of that kind, and I put it down mostly to bad heredity—so far, I am an Ibsenite; they start languidly; they lack iron in their blood and granite in their bones. It is no good trying to force food down the throats of non-workers in the name of charity, as though they were so many turkeys to be crammed for Christmas. They must be made to work for themselves. The first necessity of a reforming philanthropist is to be infinitely patient in teaching the helpless to develop their latent powers of self-support. Science is the divinity of to-day, and I think it is good to think it one manifestation of the Spirit of God. I am glad, too, that it is being applied to philanthropic work. Sydney Webb is the Darwin of charity, and is reducing it to a scientific system. The coming man, or, it may be, the coming woman, will reduce beneficence to as exact a science as electricity, and will be the greatest good angel the world has ever known. At present our philanthropy is hit or miss—generally miss. We take away people's dignity and individuality and convert them into parasites, in which capacity they are little better than any other vermin. Of course, all this reform will be uphill work. So many prejudices have to be got over, and the prejudices of so many eminently respectable people. Heavy Mediocrity is sitting on the breast of Progress, but she will rise, for it is her nature to, and the laws of Nature are irrevocable and constant. Every human being ought to receive of right in exchange for his or her work all the necessities of life. 'If a man will not work, neither shall he eat,' so saith the Scripture; but, *per contra*, a better citation says, 'If he will work, he shall eat.'"

"And then?"

"And then the present system of so-called and well-intentioned benevolent effort will come to be regarded as nothing less than a crime."

"That is rather hard upon a good many men and women of to-day."

"No, it is hard on the system, the mistaken system on which they work, not upon them. For one thing, they are too pessimistic in their views. A reformer must be an optimist. My ancestors came from New Hampshire, a stony place, often sneered at for its lack of fertility. Daniel Webster was a New Hampshire man, and when he was asked once by a cynic, 'What do you raise in New Hampshire?' 'We raise men,' he said."

"And this is what reform and philanthropy must accomplish?"

"It is no good raising anything else—neither classes, nor peerages, nor churches—we must raise men if our work is to be absolutely beneficent and really lasting."

A. G.

TWO BRAVE SOLDIER BOYS.

The Annual Report of the Royal Humane Society contained the particulars of an act of gallantry recently performed by two of the band of the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment), in saving a comrade from drowning at Dover.

Private J. Kelly and Boy J. Brennan were bathing in the sea, when the former was attacked with cramp and in danger of sinking, whereupon Brennan immediately swam to his assistance, and at considerable personal risk succeeded in supporting him in the water and bringing him within eighty yards of the shore. Brennan then became exhausted, and there being the danger of his not only failing to save his comrade but losing his own life also, called out for help, and Boy J. E. Robinson, who was on shore, but not bathing, at once threw off his tunic and belt, but otherwise fully clothed, swam to their assistance and brought Kelly into shallow water. Both boys are, curiously



Photo by F. Deakin, Dover.

enough, sons of old soldiers of the regiment, Robinson's father having been killed in the landslip at Ninai Tal in 1880, and Brennan's father is a pensioned colour-sergeant living at Tottenham. Robinson, who is seventeen, was educated in the regimental school, and Brennan, who is fifteen, at the Duke of York's Royal Military School. The medal of the Royal Humane Society was awarded to both Robinson and Brennan, being presented publicly on parade at Dover.



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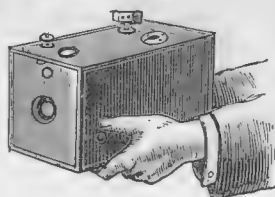
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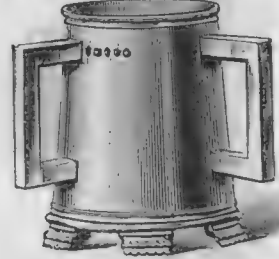
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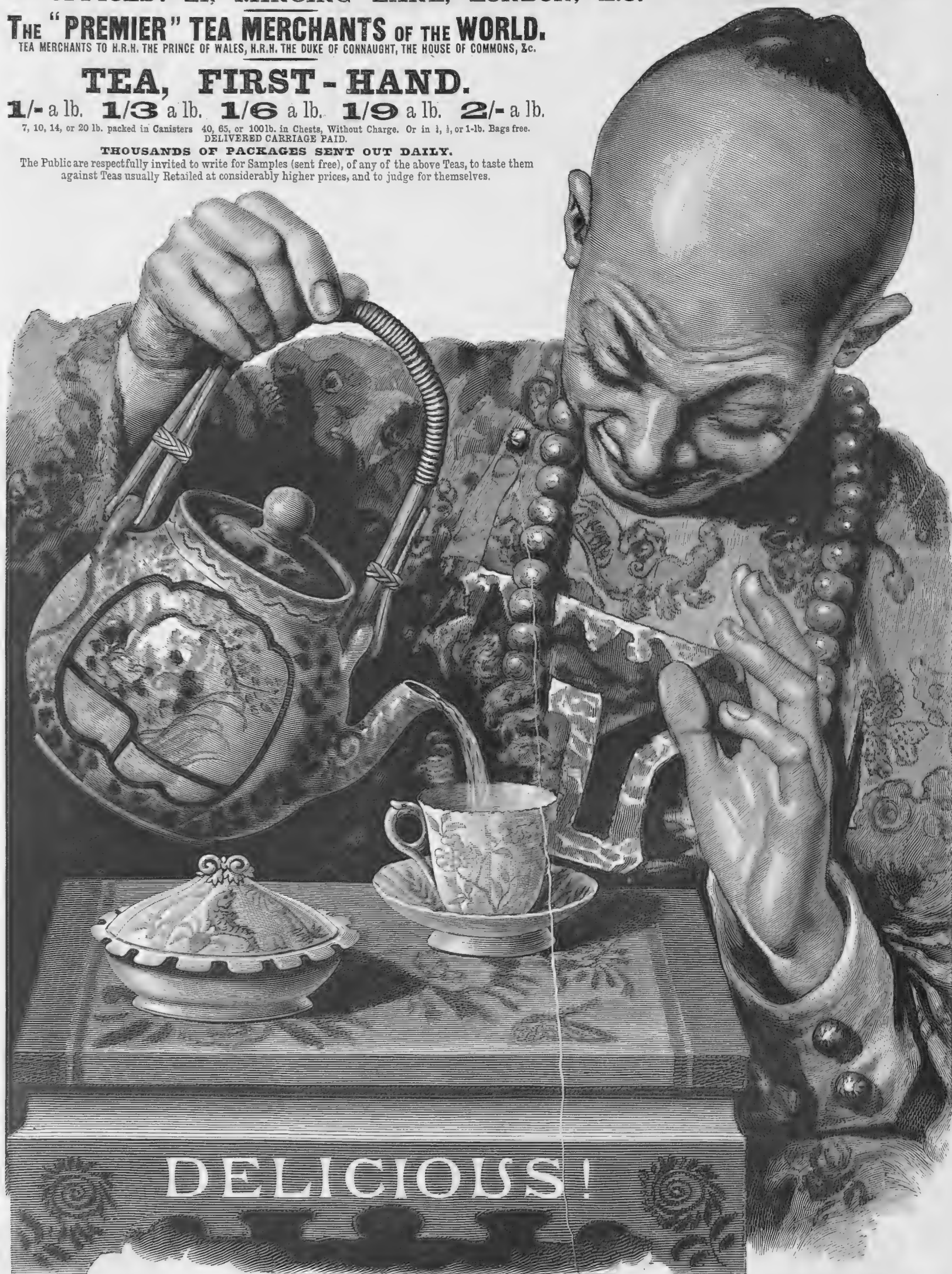
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A PALACE OF PIANOS.

"Established in the reign of King William IV." That is the label Messrs. Brinsmead proudly attach to their name, but the fact of such venerable age does not stay their hand in keeping up to date. The famous piano firm has just built itself a lordly pleasure-house in Wigmore Street, where it will be able to cope in the best way with the business that it possesses. The new galleries occupy a handsome four-storey building—designed by Mr. Leonard V. Hunt, A.R.I.B.A.—where



Photo by B. Lemere, Strand.

there are nine show-rooms. The object has been to provide many rooms capable of containing about ten pianofortes each, rather than larger rooms with more instruments, in order that several customers may be suiting their tastes at one time, without interfering with each other, and also that the work of the tuners may proceed without hindrance. A handsome staircase leads to the basement, where is situated a music-room, tastefully decorated with tiles and mirrors, and fitted with stalls for an audience of 133 persons. Altogether about twenty grands and 100 uprights can be shown to advantage in the firm's new premises.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The Brighton Company announce that the day special express service by the Newhaven and Dieppe route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, leaving London for Paris 9 a.m. every week-day and Sunday, has been accelerated to arrive in Paris 6.30 p.m., and the similar day special express service leaving Paris for London 9.30 a.m. every week-day and Sunday morning is now due to arrive in London at 7 p.m. For the Whitsuntide holidays and Paris Races, May 13, 17, 20, and 24, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, will be run from London by the accelerated special express day service on Saturday, May 12, and also by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 9 to 14, inclusive.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce that a cheap excursion will leave for Boulogne on Saturday, returning from Boulogne on Bank Holiday. Cheap return tickets to Boulogne will be issued, available for five days. Cheap tickets to Paris and back will be issued from May 9 to 14, available for fourteen days. Cheap tickets to Brussels, via Calais or via Ostend, will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street from May 10 to 14, available for eight days. Cheap first- and second-class tickets will also be issued to Ostend, available for a similar period. For intending visitors to the Antwerp Exhibition, special cheap tickets to Antwerp will be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on May 11 and 12, and every Friday and Saturday until further notice.

On the London and North-Western Railway, on Friday a special train will leave Euston Station at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland, and a special train will leave Manchester (Exchange) at 12.55 p.m. and Liverpool (Lime Street) at 1.5 p.m. for Rhyl and Llandudno. On Saturday a special train will leave Willesden Station at 2.57 p.m. for principal stations on Trent Valley line and Stafford; a special express train will also leave Euston Station for Birmingham at 4.25 p.m.; a special train will leave Manchester (Exchange) at 12.55 p.m. for Rhyl and Llandudno; and relief trains will leave Birmingham at 2.8 p.m. and 4.8 p.m. for Coventry, Rugby, and Northampton, and passengers for those places will not be conveyed by the 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. trains respectively.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Saturday, May 12, cheap three- or six-day excursion trains will be run from

London (King's Cross) to Cambridge, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, &c. A cheap four- or eight-day excursion will also be run to Edinburgh and Glasgow. Cheap fast excursions will also be run on Saturday, May 12, and Monday, May 14, from Moorgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), and Finsbury Park to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. Three- or four-day tickets will be issued by the excursion on Saturday, available for return by the excursion on Monday or by any ordinary train on Tuesday. On Whit Monday cheap excursion trains will be run from Victoria (L. C. and D.), Moorgate, King's Cross (G.N.), &c., to St. Albans, &c.

The London and South-Western will run a special trip from London to St. Malo on May 11, to Havre on May 11 and 12, and to Guernsey and Jersey on May 12, available to return within fourteen days from date of issue. Fare, third class by train and fore cabin by steamer, twenty-five shillings. Cheap excursions will leave London (Waterloo), &c., on Saturday for Plymouth, South and North Devon, Andover, Salisbury, Seaton, Sidmouth, &c.; Marlborough, Swindon, Cirencester, &c.; Winchester, Southampton, and Bath. On Whit Monday, at 6.30 a.m., special trip for Seaton, Sidmouth, and Exmouth; at 6.45 a.m. for Midhurst and Havant; at 7 a.m. for Portsmouth, Southampton (trips round the Isle of Wight in connection), Gosport, Winchester, Salisbury, Romsey, &c.; at 7.50 a.m. for Bournemouth direct; and at 8.5 or 8.25 a.m. for Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst (for the New Forest), Lymington, Christchurch, and Bournemouth.

The Great Western Company run an excursion to Gloucester, Cardiff, Newport, Swansea, New Milford, Waterford, and other stations in South Wales and the South of Ireland on Friday, and a fast excursion train for the West of England will leave Paddington at 7.55 a.m. on Saturday, reaching Exeter in 5½ hours and Plymouth in 7¾ hours. Return tickets at twenty-five shillings will also be issued to Guernsey and Jersey. On Whit Sunday a cheap train will run to Swindon, Stroud, Gloucester, and Cheltenham, leaving Paddington at 8.20 a.m. At midnight on Sunday an excursion for one or five days will leave Paddington for Oxford, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, &c.

The Midland Railway Company have arranged for the booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations to be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, May 11 and 12. Cheap trains will be run from London to Dublin, via Morecambe, on May 11, to return May 15, 17, 19, 22, 24, or 26; to Dublin, via Liverpool, on May 10; to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, via Barrow, on May 12, for sixteen days; to Londonderry, via Morecambe, on May 12, to return May 14, 17, 21, or 24, as per bill of sailing, &c.

The Hook of Holland route to the Continent via Harwich offers exceptional facilities to passengers visiting Holland and Germany at Whitsuntide. Holiday-makers travelling by this route, instead of leaving at 8 p.m. as formerly, will be able to have half an hour longer in London, as the Boat Express now starts at 8.30 every evening, and they are due to arrive at Amsterdam, The Hague, and the chief Dutch towns early the next morning. Cheap weekly return tickets will be issued via the Harwich route to the Antwerp Exhibition. Passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m. every week-day are landed in Antwerp the next morning at 10, close to the Exhibition, and, as the last four hours of the voyage is up the river Scheldt, they can breakfast comfortably on board. The steamers leave Antwerp at 6.45 p.m. every week-day, and *table d'hôte* is served on board during the passage down the Scheldt. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on May 9 and 12 for Hamburg, taking passengers at single fares.

THE PALACE HOTEL, HASTINGS.

This hotel has just been reopened by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, after considerable alterations and improvements. It has been specially adapted for the accommodation of families, who may obtain suites of five connected



rooms with most comfortable furniture. The veranda extends the whole length of the building, and the ventilation, the electric lighting, and the lift apparatus have been perfected.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The summer game made a sensational start at Lord's. Sussex came up bent on taking the shine out of a powerful team of the M.C.C. It was a delicate compliment which the authorities at Lord's paid to Sussex to place a team in the field including W. G. Grace, Stoddart, Ferris, Hornby, Lord Hawke, J. T. Hearne, Martin, Mead, and other cracks. I have seen much weaker teams of the M.C.C. pitted against the Australians.

The match was all over in one day. This was entirely due to the wicket, not to mention the marvellous bowling of Martin, the Kent professional. Last season Martin was not able to bowl for nuts. He has made a gallant start this year. Fancy seven wickets for twelve runs in the first innings, and four for seventeen in the second! An average of ten wickets for just under three runs each is a nice nest-egg to start the season with.

But Martin was not the only man who distinguished himself. It was a bowlers' day all round, and both Mead and Parris deserve a word of praise. The young Sussex bowler clean bowled W. G. with his third ball. Let us hope that the judgment of Parris will be a real help to Sussex this season. What I liked more than anything was the spirited batting of Stoddart, who made 44 out of 103. I have seen him play many a better innings, but never a pluckier one, and 44 runs is not a bad contribution to open the season with. I need only mention that Sussex were defeated in an innings with two runs to spare.

On the day of the match the M.C.C. held their annual meeting, when there was a big pow-pow on the classification of counties, &c. The rule relating to the "follow-on" was discussed, but the matter was ultimately

runs in seven innings, which gives him the remarkable average of 142. His best scores are 136, 143 (not out), and 203 (not out). Of course, these innings will not be included in first-class cricket, being only 'Varsity trial matches.

A couple of good matches will be played in London to-morrow and the two following days. Lancashire come up to meet the M.C.C. and Ground, and the visitors, on last year's form, will take a lot of beating. I have an idea that Lancashire will make a very strong bid for championship honours. The young McLarens, I hear, will play frequently for the County Palatine.

GOLF.

It is too late in the day to do more than record the fact that Ball beat Fergusson by one hole for the Amateur Championship. This makes Mr. Ball's fourth win in this competition. The following is a list of the winners of the championship since it was instituted, eight years ago. Mr. H. H. Hilton, with a score of 75, holds the record for Hoylake links—

Year.	Winner.	Second Man.	Where Played.
1886 ...	Horace Hutchinson ...	Henry Lamb ...	St. Andrews.
1887 ...	John Ball, jun. ...	John Ball, jun. ...	Hoylake.
1888 ...	John Ball, jun. ...	J. E. Laidlay ...	Prestwick.
1889 ...	J. E. Laidlay ...	L. M. Balfour ...	St. Andrews.
1890 ...	John Ball, jun. ...	J. E. Laidlay ...	Hoylake.
1891 ...	J. E. Laidlay ...	H. H. Hilton ...	St. Andrews.
1892 ...	John Ball, jun.	Sandwich.
1893 ...	Peter Andersen ...	J. E. Laidlay ...	Prestwick.

I have been scampering over some of the golf courses in the north. How the game has grown during the past five years in Bonnie Scotland!

I would not be surprised to learn that the number of courses has quite doubled during the last decade. I found golf being played everywhere, and courses being laid out in the most unlikely places. I saw ladies busy with their clubs at Dunblane and at Callander, the entrance to the Trossachs. I also found the game popular among both sexes, although the courses at these places were not so perfect as they might be.

But amid all the new golfing centres St. Andrews still holds the palm. I went over the famous links with Tom Morris, the veteran golfer, and found the old man of seventy-three as lively as a kitten and bubbling over with good-humour. To my astonishment, I found "old Tom," as he is affectionately called, playing almost as well as ever. He told me he is only some 10 strokes worse now than at his best, and his record for St. Andrews course is 79. With a touch of pride in his tone and the trace of a tear in his eye, he reminded me that his late son—"Young Tommy," beloved of all golfers—once did the eighteen holes at St. Andrews in 77. What he would have done had he lived, one can, of course, only guess at,

but it seems reasonable to believe that young Tom would have left behind him a record which none of this generation may touch. As it is, we have only his monument to gaze at and his memory to revere.

CYCLING.

There is nothing like taking time by the forelock. It is said that the Herne Hill managers have already received letters from probable competitors in the twelve hours' race next September.

Whit Monday is always a gala day with the cyclist, and the name of the meetings to be held on Bank Holiday is legion. To the general wheelman, however, much interest will be manifested in the Plymouth gathering, where the local 100-guinea cup is to be again competed for by some of the most prominent riders of the day. Arthur du Cros and L. Stroud have each two shares in the cup, and, as the trophy only requires to be won three times to make it absolute property, a keen race will, no doubt, be witnessed between these two champions of the path. I fancy Stroud will come safely out of the ordeal. Only last week he and J. L. Bates commenced the record-breaking season at Herne Hill by spoiling the one-hour tandem tricycle time, when the two men covered 23 miles 310 yards. Ten miles were reeled off in 26 min. 2 sec., as against 28 min. 35 1-5 sec. At fifteen miles their time was 45 min. 18 2-5 sec., 6 min. 13 2-5 sec. inside the record; and twenty miles were covered in 51 min. 58 4-5 sec., the previous record being 59 min. 51 1-5 sec.

OLYMPIAN.



ST. ANDREWS LINKS: GOLF HOUSE AND FIRST HOLE.

postponed till July. I am glad to see that the M.C.C. have agreed to recommend the following resolution, but the whole question of county classification has yet to be decided—

That the matches played by the following four counties—Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Essex, and Leicestershire—against the nine counties at present styled first-class, and also against one another and against the M.C.C., shall be regarded as first-class matches, and the records of the players engaged in these matches shall be included in the list of first-class averages.

The M.C.C. now claims over 4000 members, and its annual income is over £20,000.

I was rather surprised to find in the report of the M.C.C. that the match between England and Australia only attracted a gate of £724 12s. 3d., while the inter-'Varsity and Eton and Harrow matches each drew over £1100. Of course, the minimum charge for the Eton and Harrow match is half-a-crown.

Some of the counties this year are saying good-bye to their veterans. Anyhow, George Ulyett has not been selected for the opening match of the champion county, while Sherwin and Barnes shared a similar fate at the hands of Notts. I daresay they will all be wanted, however, before the serious work of the county season is far advanced.

To those that hath shall be given! Cambridge, being presumably the stronger of the 'Varsities, will, if necessary, be able to include in the eleven this season F. Mitchell, a Freshman, who has been showing most extraordinary batting. Up till the end of last week he had totalled 711

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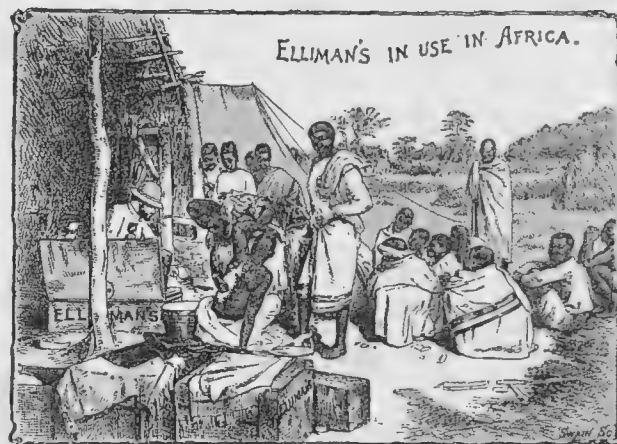
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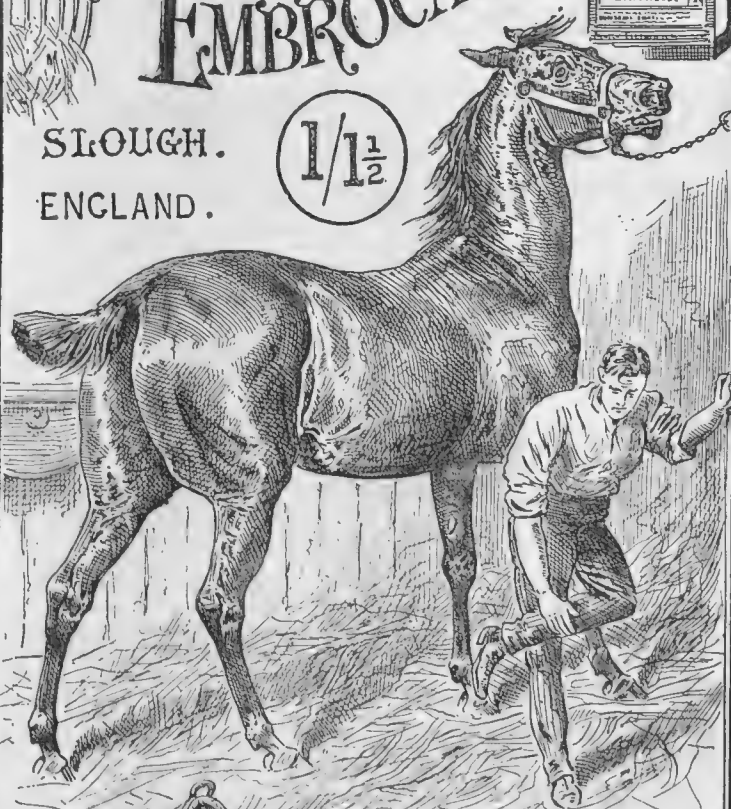
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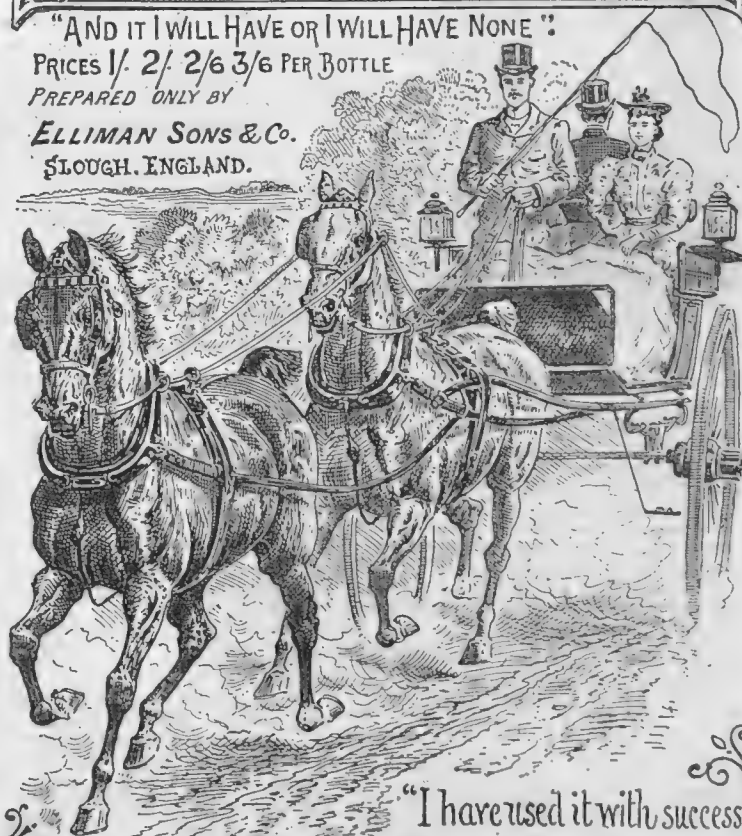
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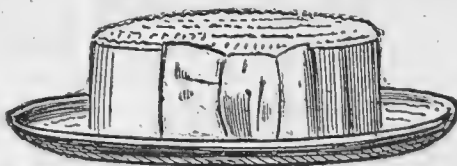
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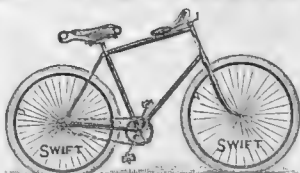
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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE"

We have had a slight and yet a great change in Parliament since last week by the appointment of Sir John Rigby to be Attorney-General and of Mr. Bob Reid to be Solicitor-General. The new Lord Russell of Killowen's seat for Hackney will have been filled up, also, by the time that this number of *The Sketch* is published. I do not think that sufficient stress has been laid upon the importance of the retirement of Sir Charles Russell from political life. Though he has not done much lately for the Government in the House of Commons, there was not a single Minister who could speak as he could for Irish Home Rule, and his loss is another blow to the cause. Sir Charles Russell was a magnificent political orator. I have seen the tears running down his cheeks as he spoke. Irishmen can do that. It is their great capacity for sentiment that makes them such great orators and singers. The substitution of two Scotchmen in Sir Charles Russell's place is a poor exchange from the dramatic point of view. Sir John Rigby is the best consulting Chancery lawyer living, now that Sir Horace Davey is a judge, and some people had thought him even better than Sir Horace; but as a Parliamentarian he is as awkward and unready as can be. So, oddly enough, was Sir Horace Davey. Mr. Reid, too, able lawyer as he is, and excellent fellow, is a somewhat too dull and quite too sensible a speaker. He has no fire; his political opinions are worth remembering as far as Home Rule is concerned, for he is a Federalist, and not a Nationalist, and is in that way a man after Lord Rosebery's heart. He declared last year that he was in favour of separate Ministries for Imperial and national affairs. His popularity is as great in political as in legal circles, and his rapid success is the highest tribute to his ability that could possibly be adduced. Mr. Reid is the son of the late Sir J. J. Reid, who was Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands, where Mr. Gladstone was Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary in 1858.

THE REGISTRATION BILL.

The actual debates and divisions on the second reading of the Registration Bill are not so important as the things which are not said openly about it. The chances are that the fortunes of this Bill will eventually be arranged. I know that the Irish members are exceedingly nervous that, in spite of what was said, as to the difficulty of redistribution and the violation of the Act of Union in reducing the number of Irish members, Lord Rosebery will accept a compromise on the Bill even before it reaches the House of Lords, and bring in a Redistribution Bill *pari passu*. What has to be remembered is that Lord Rosebery is thoroughly sick of the eternal war between the Houses on points where the House of Lords is obviously in the right. If the House of Lords sends back the Registration Bill, with its "gerrymandering" provisions, and refuses to pass it without redistribution, the demand will be just and right, and the Radicals are already beginning to think that time and temper would be saved by facing the position at once and coming to terms with the Opposition. There will be trouble with the Irish, of course; but a good many people will probably agree with me in thinking that Lord Rosebery no longer cares much what they may do. What he cares about much more is that he should not have to defend in the House of Lords a measure which has every argument of justice and reasonableness on the other side. The Liberal party has not got its Peer-Premier for nothing.

A FORTUNE FOR THE WIREPULLERS.

Meanwhile, nothing could be better than the way in which the miserably unfair and politically disastrous provisions of the Bill, as it stands, have been exposed by Unionist speakers. Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Curzon, all made excellent speeches. I have never known Sir Henry James speak quite so bitterly as he did on Thursday afternoon, and Mr. Fowler took notice of it at the opening of his reply as one of the greatest political surprises and most startling contrasts that has been produced by the schism in the old Liberal party. I attribute this great increase of bitterness to the conviction held by Sir Henry James that politics is rapidly becoming a profession the reverse of honourable. His best point on Thursday was that the disfranchisement of the plural voter (that is, the man who has property in more places than one, and has with it the votes which by our present system attach to property) will only play into the hands of the wirepuller, and that the double registration only gives the wirepuller double fees. That this is a greater political danger than anything effected by the plural voter must surely be plain. Sir Henry James, I think, has done a great service in making it so clear that these must be the results of the Government's Bill. If a man now has votes for more than one place and is to be reduced to one, it is obvious that he must choose which vote he will use, and the wirepuller must step in to move about these changeable votes just where the party wants them. Nothing in the way of plural voting could be so bad as this, and, curiously enough, Mr. Fowler, in reply, set himself to show that, after all, the plural voters were very few. If few, then the case for doing away with them is proportionately weakened. For my own part, I do not know whether it is due to an incurably logical mind or not, but I cannot, for the life of me, see the "anomaly" of plural voting. If we had for manhood suffrage, it would be different; but our suffrage undeniably is a property suffrage, and if the vote goes with property, I cannot see why a man with two properties should not have two votes. At any rate, it is nothing like the anomaly of Ireland having twenty-three seats more and England twenty-seven less than they are entitled to; so let us do away with the greater anomalies first.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Since Welsh Disestablishment was disposed of on the first reading, we have had a rather dull time of it. You cannot get up much excitement about Factory Bills or Registration—excitement, that is to say, as the House of Commons understands it. The true interests and amusements of the House are rarely intellectual. A prize-fight between two political champions, with plenty of bitterness thrown in, a disorderly member, a funny or a foolish speech, these are the things which bring about crowded benches and plenty of "cheers and laughter." On the other hand, as soon as the House gets to a quiet, non-partisan matter its capacity for doing business increases tenfold. On Wednesday afternoon, for instance, when time is short, when it is the Speaker's custom to closure at the end of the sitting, and when the Bills before the House rather deviate from the hack lines of party difference, you get admirable debates, neither too short nor too long, sensible, business-like, and to the point. Three or four Bills may often be rushed through in the afternoon. Seven orders were actually disposed of on Wednesday, and the discussion will never attract more than a hundred members, nearly all of whom, however, will know something of the subject in hand. But if you want to see the real House of Commons—eager, excited, noisy, vehement, unfair—you must see it towards midnight, when it has dined well and is assisting at some great gladiatorial party conflict. Then you will have a real good time.

REGISTRATION RUCTIONS.

Meanwhile, the Registration Bill has not been going very well, for the simple reason that it is not half Radical enough to suit critics on the Liberal side. The truth was really hit by Mr. Healy, in one of those sardonic and sustained flights of half-serious, half-jesting speeches with which he now but rarely delights the House. If we stop short at manhood suffrage, we cannot avoid tinkering, and creating almost as many anomalies as we abolish. For instance, the Bill proposes to limit the period of residence which qualifies for the franchise, and thus to enable the working-man to become a more active and regular citizen. But in doing this it is compelled to add to the cost of registration, and thus place an additional obstacle in the way of the poor man making his way into Parliament. On the other hand, the Bill contains no provision for reducing the actual cost of elections, or for placing the payment of returning officers on the rates. Of course, this is bad both for the Radicals, who are a poor party, and for Labour candidates, who have to substitute enthusiasm and voluntary work for efficient and costly agencies. The Bill, therefore, good as it is in many of its points, does not satisfy advanced Radical criticism, and will hardly be one to stimulate enthusiasm in the country. The Lords will mutilate the One-man-one-vote Clauses, and reduce the measure to its bare proportions as a Registration Reform Bill, and not a very complete measure of democracy at that.

MR. HEALY'S REAPPEARANCE.

One of the features of the week has been Mr. Healy's reappearance as a speaker. During the past few months Mr. Healy has rarely opened his mouth, though, if report speaks truly, his well-known accents have been heard with considerable freedom and frequency in Committee Room 15; but as a Parliamentary force of great personal interest and vigour Mr. Healy is nothing to what he used to be in the old days. It was quite a relief to hear him again in one of those quaint, dry, discursive monologues, delivered in a formless style without the smallest inflexion of voice or play of feature save an occasional flash from the dark eyes. His speech on the Registration Bill was a notable instance of the old Healyite manner. It shot from point to point, not always with great relevance, but illustrating in turn a thousand sides of Irish life, its comedy, its tragedy, its irrelevances, its contradictions. In ten minutes the whole House was in a state of delight at the grotesque humour of the speech, its real knowledge and its faculty for illustrating a case by the drollest eccentricities of gerrymandering as she is practised in Derry and Tyrone. Mr. Healy was pretty frank in his attitude towards the Bill, of which he did not by any means approve in the lump, an attitude, perhaps, suggestive of what has lately been going on inside the Irish party. But the feature of the speech was not its serious side so much as its delightful humour. The whole House relished it, Mr. Balfour in particular giving himself up to a delicious enjoyment of the pleasure of the moment.

THE SPEAKER'S HEALTH.

The health of the Speaker has been the cause of a good deal of anxiety during the last few months, and the other day the rumours about him came to a positive head in the announcement that he was going to retire. The rumour is not correct, for, as a matter of fact, Mr. Peel's health has been improving for some weeks, and he now thoroughly expects to be able to go through the session, and then to come back invigorated after a long holiday. However, the matter has been canvassed a good deal in Liberal circles of late, and I have heard perplexed questions addressed by people in high positions as to who in the world is going to succeed Mr. Peel when he goes. And so far as the Liberals go, there is no absolutely satisfactory answer. Perhaps the best choice would be that of Mr. Roby, though I rather doubt whether his voice would be strong enough or his personality quite incisive enough for the position. In other respects the choice would be an excellent one; but neither Mr. Roby nor anybody else would be as good as Mr. Courtney.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"THE MASQUERADERS' DRESSES.

In the first act of the new piece at the St. James's, "The Masqueraders," who are revelling in the delights of the hunt ball, are gorgeous in their apparel, which is all fashioned after the very latest modes, and yet, amid



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN ACT II. OF
"THE MASQUERADERS."

back in a loose cluster of softly-curling locks, caught together in the apparently careless manner which is the perfection of art. The colour shows up Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dark eyes to perfection—those great, haunting eyes, the like of which I have never seen before.

Mrs. Campbell's dress for Act II. is of pale rose-pink brocade, the trained skirt, which is slightly caught up at the foot towards the left side, being bordered with a deep band of pearl and crystal passementerie, the under petticoat being ornamented in the same way. Pointed epaulettes of the passementerie fall over the shoulders of the puffed sleeves, which are finished at the elbow with deep, turned-back cuffs, covered with pearls and crystals, from which fall soft frills of pink chiffon. The draped bodice is held in round the corsage by a band of the brocade, tying in a square bow high on the left side, the long ends, which fall far down the skirt, being sewn thickly with pearls.

The tragedy of Acts III. and IV. is played out in a lovely gown with a perfectly plain skirt of forget-me-not blue satin, brocaded with tiny bunches of pink roses

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN ACT III. OF
"THE MASQUERADERS."

and buds, each bunch being surrounded by a sort of radiating halo, if I may so call it. The bodice is entirely covered with accordion-pleated chiffon of the hue of a Neapolitan violet, a collar of creamy guipure falling over the shoulders, and fastening at the neck with a bow of chiffon, the sleeves, which fall in a great, loose puff to the elbows, having cuffs of the same lace. The braces and waistband are of jewelled passementerie, in which the two colours are blended together, and the whole effect is lovely. Just for a moment, in the last act, Mrs. Patrick Campbell wears a long cloak of crimson watered velvet, with a hood of black lace; but this is soon cast aside, and one's last sight of her is in the delicate-hued dress which becomes her so well.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh is a striking figure in Act I. in a ball gown of rich white silk, with broad stripes of black satin, the front of the skirt, which is of white satin, being veiled by two deep flounces of white net, studded and fringed with gold sequins, the gracefully-draped sleeves and deep berthe being of the same glittering fabric. Two or three rosettes of green and scarlet satin ribbon are dotted about the dress, which is a daring but eminently successful one. Miss Vanbrugh's second dress is of buttercup-yellow brocade, the festooned frill of yellowish old lace which trims the skirt being caught up at intervals with rosettes of red velvet. The bodice has deep shoulder capes of satin, the puffed elbow-sleeves being formed entirely of the lace, opening at the sides to show the arm, and fastened with rosettes of the velvet, which also appear on the lace berthe. In Act III. you get an all too short glimpse of a domino of glacé silk, in truly wonderful shades of grass-green and blue, with a deep cape of creamy guipure, while in front is a great bow of golden-yellow shot silk.

Miss Beryl Faber, as Lady Clarice Reindean, first wears an Empire gown of white chiné silk, with a faint design of pink roses, the trimming consisting of lace and swansdown; while in Act II. she has a dress of turquoise-blue satin, brocaded with bunches of lilies-of-the-valley,



MRS. TREE IN ACT II. OF "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

the gracefully-draped basques being of white lace, bordered at each side in front with a band of black satin ornamented with three enamel buttons, the short, cape-like sleeves being lined with black satin, and the bodice being further ornamented with a drapery of lace, in the centre of which nestles a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, Miss Faber carrying a bouquet of the same flowers. Her domino in the third act is of soft golden-yellow silk shot with pink, and with a hood of black lace which is continued in cascades down the front. When you see "The Masqueraders," as every one of you most certainly should do speedily, I think you will accord me some measure of praise for having been able to spare any attention to the gowns; fortunately, there was only one to note in Acts III. and IV., or I do not venture to think of the result. However, all's well that ends well, and I have now given you a true and faithful account of the principal gowns in the new St. James's piece, about which everyone is talking.

While on subjects theatrical, I cannot resist giving you a sketch of Mrs. Tree's gown in Act II. of "A Bunch of Violets," for it is so lovely and so full of good ideas. You will remember that it was carried out in buttercup-yellow moiré antique, trimmed with great yellow kingcups and bunches of wall-flowers, the corselet being of silver passementerie.

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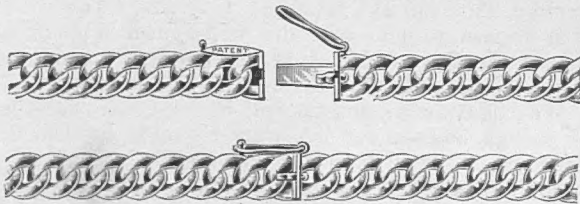
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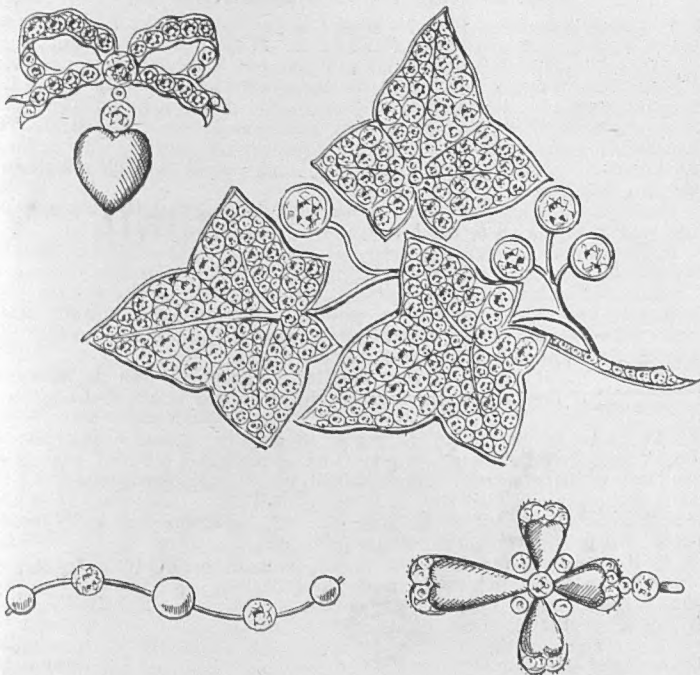
A word to all superstitious folk: Fashion has decreed that the opal is to be taken into high favour this season, so we had all better pocket our prejudices, and, if an opal comes our way, take it and stifle all qualms as to its unlucky properties by the thought of our good luck in being included among the elect of the fashionable world. I myself am superstitious to a degree, but I must candidly admit that when I was in the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' all too fascinating premises, at 112, Regent Street, the other day, and was feasting my eyes on a superb necklace of opals, my superstition vanished in real enjoyment of their beauty, and I felt that, if only I could become their possessor, I should rejoice greatly, and throw all fears of bad luck to the winds. This particular necklace was formed of opals of graduated sizes, set round with diamonds, arranged to give a flower-like effect, while pendent in front were five opal hearts of varying size, the centre one being enormous. The ever-changing hues of these wonderful stones were most fascinating, and I noticed that they lend themselves particularly well to forming the bodies of bees, wasps, and other insects.

But there were so many other lovely things to gloat over that I reluctantly left the opals at last, and turned my attention to an exquisite spray of orchids in diamonds, absolutely graceful in design, and tremulous with every movement, and a diamond tiara, set with square-cut emeralds, which could be transformed at will into a necklace. A most effective bodice or hair ornament was composed of two miniature ostrich feathers in diamonds, fastened together by a true-lovers' knot. This was really a marvel of skilful workmanship, for the soft irregularity of the feathers had been caught to perfection. The next thing which claimed my



admiration was a very novel and beautiful gold curb bracelet, set with three turquoises, surrounded by diamonds, and with two entwined diamond hearts in the centre; while a flexible gold bracelet was in the form of a snake with glorious emerald eyes.

Truly, 112, Regent Street is a paradise for the present-seekers, who abound during this wedding season; but, indeed, apart from weddings, there are birthdays and anniversaries which are with us always, so, in view of this fact and mindful of the near approach of June, when marriages will come upon us in shoals, I have got a few sketches for you of some charming novelties, more suited to ordinary purses than those superb opals and regal tiaras which everyone who wants them knows full well are provided in profusion by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company. What do you think, then, of the charming little lace brooch, formed of a thin, gracefully-curved bar of gold, set with alternate pearls and diamonds, which is only fourteen pounds, or the dainty little spray of ivy-leaves, encrusted with diamonds, which makes a most



effective brooch or ornament? The quaintly-shaped pendent cross, which is carried out in golden cornelians, set with diamonds, is well worth £11 5s., and there is a charming diamond ribbon brooch, with a pendent heart of golden cornelian, which is priced at eighteen pounds. Another novelty, which will recommend itself to everyone, is the new safety fastener for bracelets, the form of which you will see by the accompanying illustrations. It is absolutely safe, and has the additional advantage of being practically invisible when closed, except on very critical inspection. It will most certainly entirely supersede the ordinary safety-chain, especially as it is only about half the price, and, altogether, the

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company are to be congratulated on their new invention. I may tell you that for a very small charge they will fit any bracelets you may have with the new safety fastener.

Out of a mass of delightful impressions of all manner of exquisite things, I must specially disentangle one more fact, to bring to the special notice of *fiancées* and bridegrooms-elect who may like to gratify the poetic and very charming idea of presenting their lady-love with something quite unique in the way of jewellery. They can make their selection from a store of loose stones, and have them set in any way which may seem best to them. Oh, those loose diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, how beautiful they were! I ran my fingers through them, and held in the centre of my palm two superb crystals which represented a very respectable fortune, and altogether enjoyed the sensation of revelling in all these glittering things of beauty. It is, indeed, a veritable treat to go and inspect the wonderful stock at 112, Regent Street, and one which you can all experience, for, whether you go to purchase or merely to inspect, you will be treated with equal courtesy, and you will never be asked to buy—not that there is any need; the only difficulty most people will experience is to know when to stop buying.

FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

The spring is generally acknowledged to be one of the most trying times for the complexion, mainly, to my thinking, because the all too-searching brightness of sunny days reveals imperfections and flaws which would otherwise pass without comment. Be that as it may, however, the principal fact remains, and so it behoves us all to take particular care of our skin just now; while, of course, during the holiday season, to which our thoughts are even now straying longingly—I know mine are—we shall all have to look to our complexions, or sunburn and freckles will be our lot. So let me give you a word of advice as to one or two preparations which you can with advantage add to your toilet table. I refer to those bearing the magic word "Lanoline," which is only another name for absolute purity and unfailing efficacy. To begin with, there is "Lanoline" soap, and if you wash with this that is the first step towards the desired end, for it is delightfully emollient, and has a wonderfully softening and whitening effect upon the most tender and irritable skin. Then follow this up by a nightly application of the "Lanoline" cold cream, or the "Toilet Lanoline"—the latter being put up in collapsible tubes, which are specially handy for carrying about when travelling—and you will soon find a marked improvement in your skin, which will continue even under the most adverse conditions. When you are investing in these forms of "Lanoline," you should certainly get some pomade at the same time, for it keeps the hair glossy and soft, and also promotes its growth. As to the prices of all these good things, they are moderation itself, for you can get all the "Lanoline" preparations from every chemist, the soap at sixpence and a shilling per cake, the pomade and cold cream in little jars at 1s. 6d., and the "Toilet Lanoline" in sixpenny and shilling tubes. They all last a long time, too, for they are so excellent that a little goes a long way; so let us all enter into a spirited war against pimples, spots, and all other blemishes, and use "Lanoline."

Nor can I resist saying a few words about "Sozodont" for the teeth, for, indeed, it is such an altogether delightful preparation that if you have never tried it you have certainly missed a pleasant experience, to say nothing of the loss of benefit to your teeth. It is, I may tell you, a liquid dentifrice, with a particularly delicate aromatic fragrance, which makes its use very pleasant, while at the same time it renders the breath lastingly fragrant. You only want to put two or three drops on a tooth-brush which has already been wetted, and a perfumed foam is produced, which gives the mouth that wonderfully fresh and sweet taste which is so much to be desired; while even upon decayed teeth it has an excellent effect, for it prevents the evil from spreading, and keeps the sound teeth white and in good condition.

FLORENCE.

A GLANCE ROUND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Royal Academy has at last published its secrets, and the confession, we must own, is a disappointing one. There is certainly no room in this column for more than an indication of the fare provided by the elect for the delight of the British public, and we must indicate that somewhat at the briefest. There is no picture, then, to capture the soul by any extraordinary merit. You wander through gallery after gallery, and your one comment is, "How like last year!"

Here are the old things, the Leaders, the Sidney Coopers, and all the rest of them. In the first two or three rooms the President is pervasive, and not altogether delightfully so. We have no space to criticise in detail this week, but it suffices to say that Sir Frederic contributes nothing in his most stately and perfect style. His "Summer Slumber" is spoiled by the cat and the birds, for in this regard the President's convention becomes frankly impossible. It approaches active life too closely. He really cannot paint animals.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Chanley is spoiled by the ugly colour and the streaky lines of the flesh. Still, it is impossible not to admire the brilliant vivacity with which the face is painted, with its keen eyes and splendidly-modelled mouth, while the frock and the single jewel are marvels of artful simplicity. Of others, Mr. Chevallier Tayler nearly takes one's breath away by the vividness of his subject picture, "Gentlemen, the Queen!" but, in spite of the carefulness and vigour of his treatment, he scarcely secures a distinguished effect. It is, indeed, a startlingly clever effect; but it is not beautiful. We must, however, reserve further remarks for a future occasion.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 5, 1894.

With its accumulated resources and a reserve equal to 63 per cent. of its liabilities, the Bank must soon, we should imagine, change some of its cash for securities, and the future of the money market promises to be one of great ease for a considerable time to come.

The past week has produced only the most moderate amount of business, and profit-taking upon the smallest rise has been its marked feature. "Everybody is trying to make enough to pay for a Whit-week holiday down the river," a very old jobber remarked to us on Friday in a disgusted tone. If any distinct improvement were to come over the American department, there would be a general upward movement in all markets, no doubt, for it is the Yankee position which keeps everything else in check.

First-class securities and investment stocks, except rupee paper, have all been well maintained, and with such large sums of surplus capital lying at the banks awaiting investment we should not be surprised to see a still further move up even in Consols. Home Railways, stimulated by good traffics, have all shown strength, and, with one or two exceptions, improved their quotations. People are beginning to notice that the increases are principally in goods, and may very well, therefore, have been earned without additional expense. Districts have been very active, and at one time touched 32, under the stimulus of expected Exhibition traffics, caused by the opening of the Earl's Court Industrial affair. Here we are soon to see the Graydon gigantic wheel at work, which, with other attractions, may possibly give us some bumper traffics next month, but we are ourselves not over-sanguine. Dover A have been bought by people supposed to be "in the know," though the price has not responded to the persistent efforts of the "bulls."

The market for Yankee Rails has been feverish and depressed, although things are above the worst to-day. No doubt, the Reading position is serious; but we do not believe the threats of foreclosure will be carried out. Atchison shares and bonds have suffered; nevertheless, we repeat, dear Sir, what we have all along told you as to the A and B bonds of this road. There is no reason for anxiety, and you will do well to disregard the silly stories which are every now and then circulated to frighten holders. The shares will probably have a ten-dollar assessment to pay. Union Pacifics have got over the scare which carried them down to about 18, while Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, as we anticipated, have improved a trifle.

It is said that the Senate is at last waking up to the vital necessity of dealing with the Tariff question. If it would only mend the Bill or kill it, we should know where we were, and in either case there would be some chance of trade improvement and expansion.

In the International corner the rise in all things Brazilian has been most marked, and so persistent has been the buying that we already hear whispers of a new loan. Of course, the termination of the civil war has improved the position, but we do not at all anticipate clear sailing for Brazilian Finance Ministers in the near future. Uruguays have relapsed a little under the pressure of profit-taking sales, but the accounts which reach us of the general prosperity of the country and the railway returns from week to week are very encouraging. We hear that the harvest is the best ever known, and that the railway accommodation is quite inadequate to deal with the enormous crops to be moved, so that a continuance of the bumper traffics may be reckoned on. Every financial writer is speculating on the cause of the continued rise in the gold premium at Buenos Ayres, which promises to run up as high or higher than in the worst days which came after the Baring smash. All sorts of explanations are offered, the most probable of which seems to us the secret issue of further paper money. The result of the movement, whatever its cause, has been to depress Argentine stocks and railways, although from all sides we hear that the general prosperity of the country is steadily increasing. Manchester Ship Canal affairs are again causing considerable talk, which the postponement of the promised statement to the Manchester City Council has done much to increase. This ill-starred venture has proved disastrous to every person who has touched it, and the greatest difficulty is found, we understand, in keeping the water in the upper part of the canal from becoming a public nuisance. The ordinary shares are, of course, outside the pale of anything beyond counters, and probably have about the same chance of ever seeing a dividend as Grand Trunk Ordinary. The real question of interest is how much the poor ratepayers of Manchester will suffer, and what further burdens they will have to bear in order that the concern may be kept open.

The Mexican Railway report just issued is not lively reading, and shows, as was to be expected, the influence of silver depreciation on the trade of the republic. The most marked result which the great Indian mistake has produced is the contraction of the import trade of Mexico and the expansion of domestic industry. The loss on exchange has increased by about £9500 in the half-year, and, judging by the present value of the dollar, even worse results may be expected in the current half-year.

The Mining market has shown the same features as the rest of the Stock Exchange, although to-day there was some revival in the active stocks like Chartered, and all the week dealings have been numerous in Champ d'Or shares, which are very scarce at the present price of about 1½. If you want a gamble, with every chance of a profit, you might buy a few, and help the rise by taking them up. Stick to your New Primrose and Glencairns. In the Miscellaneous Mines,

Broken Hill proprietary shares have been well bought, but we confess we do not like the last telegram about no difficulty being anticipated in maintaining the output for the present.

Johannesburg Waterworks have suffered with the general dulness of the week, but they are well worth buying and locking up at present price, and we far prefer them to things like Oceanas, or, indeed, as far as real worth goes, to Chartered.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

MAWSON'S REWARD CLAIM, LIMITED.—There is some life in the Mining market, for this concern has, we hear, been applied for five times over. If you are one of the fortunate people who have got an allotment of the 40,000 shares offered for subscription, take your profit, and let somebody else have a chance. Long before dividends are paid you will be able to buy again.

THE GOVERNMENT OF NEWFOUNDLAND LOAN.—This colony is offering £230,800 worth of 3½ per cent. debentures at 89. This is a good 4 per cent. investment, and we advise investors to apply.

THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT LOAN.—Subscriptions are invited for £2,188,000 of 3½ per cent. bonds at 99. Why English people should subscribe, we do not know, except that the security will be a convenient one and bearer bonds are popular. We prefer good Colonial securities, which will yield better interest, but this loan is sure to go.

SPENCER, TURNER, AND BOLDERO, LIMITED.—This company, which has been formed to take over the well-known drapery and general business of the firm of this name, is offering for public subscription 26,000 5 per cent. preference shares and 47,000 ordinary shares of £5 each. We expect the whole issue will be subscribed, for the prospectus is frank enough, and sets out, not average profits, but full details. The preference shares should be a very fair 5 per cent. investment, and for those who like more risk, and, perhaps, more profit, we have seen many worse chances than these ordinary shares.

WILLIAM RUMNEY AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—The North of England Trustee, Debenture, and Assets Corporation is offering £100,000 5 per cent. debenture bonds and 10,000 shares of this concern. We believe calico-printing and cotton-spinning, which are the businesses intended to be carried on by this company, are, generally speaking, by no means overflourishing trades just now, and we advise our readers to leave the debentures and shares of this concern to the people of Lancashire, who know more about the matter than outsiders. If it is not good enough for the Manchester, Oldham, and Bury people to apply for, it is not good enough for Londoners, while if there is a rush for it locally outsiders are not likely to secure allotments.

THE HASTINGS ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY is offering additional capital at par. It is not likely that there will be much market for these shares, but they are probably a sound investment of an improving nature.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. P.—(1) Remember Barker's Bank; 7 per cent. for money on deposit at call is absurd, and means great risk. (2) The buyer should not hand the transfer to the seller, but should pay when he gets a receipt from the company showing that transfer and certificate have been lodged. (3) Every limited company must have a registered address, or the directors and officers are liable to penalties which can be enforced by summons before a magistrate. Go to Somerset House and search. Consult any respectable solicitor who understands the Companies Acts, or write to us again, and we will hand your letter over to our own solicitors.

GAMBLER.—We know the firm you mention, and we think they are respectable. You cannot expect us to make inquiries in Australia.

J. P.—Illinois Central shares are a high-class American railway investment. We should not advise selling at present, but this is a matter of opinion. The Tramway shares are a good investment, subject to the ordinary risks of trade such as dear horse feed and the like, while as to the law case you refer to, it need cause you no alarm. If you want to speculate with £200, buy Santa Rita Nitrate, Aërated Bread, or Industrial Trust deferred shares.

G. C.—Consult some good City solicitor. The people you mention are well known, and if the matter was not too old we should imagine you could make them disgorge.

MALVERNIA.—You are probably wise to sell the Grand Trunk debentures. The thing is drifting fast to leeward. You cannot get 5 per cent. with safety, if you mean without any risk. Buy £200 Nitrate Railway debentures and £300 Rio Tinto debentures, or £400 City of Wellington Waterworks loan. If you spend something less than £480 on the latter, you will get £24 a-year, and can sleep in peace; but be sure you get the Waterworks loan.

A. B. C.—As to the first investment (Hungarian Rentes), the danger is a war in the East, which would make your security quite unsaleable. Sell out and buy some good Colonial Corporation bonds—Dunedin (1925), Auckland (1930), City of Melbourne, or the like. The Quebec provincial loan is safe enough. The representative securities you ask about are a list compiled by bankers and others of active and quoted stocks, which are supposed to be fair samples of all the securities dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange.

INVEST.—Yes; as far as anything can be safe, the security you mention should be so.

E. R. G.—(1) Safe enough for any reasonable man. (2) We are not over fond of this security. (3) You can sleep in peace on this.

A. P. B.—Chartered shares may be a fine speculation, but you will have to wait a long time for a dividend.

TRUST.—International Trust debentures are safe enough. Yes; Trustees Corporation debentures will be redeemed in a few weeks, and, with premium, will yield quite 6 or 7 per cent. They are as safe as the Bank of England.

INVICTA.—"Industrial risks" are, of course, "trade risks." If you are not afraid of such investments, divide your money among Santa Rita Nitrate, Nitrate Railway, Liebig's Extract, Bryant and May, and Ely Brothers shares, and you will get the high interest you ask for, but please remember that you do not hold Consols.